ETHEL MANNIN on *LOST LOVERS*

The BYSTANDER

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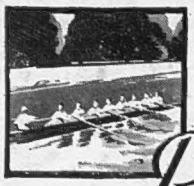

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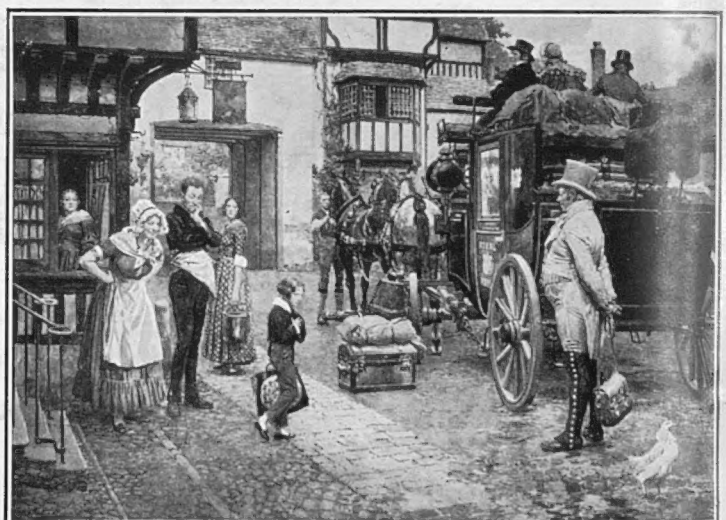

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Inveresk House, 346 Strand, London, W.C.2

The Bystander, March 6, 1929

No. 1316. Vol. CI.

The BYSTANDER

Dorothy Wilding

A recent photograph of Lady Milbanke, whose wedding to Sir John Milbanke took place a few months ago. Formerly Lady Loughborough, she is one of the most beautiful women in Society

DRAWN BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"The Wartime Generation is the last of the Idealists"

ETHEL MANNIN

writes on

THE LOST LOVERS

No one heeds them much now, though it is now that they most need pity, that great legion of lost lovers. During the War they had a dramatic interest by reason of their tragedy; but now, ten years after, they are merely humdrum. "Oh, she never married," we say carelessly, "she was engaged, but he was killed during the War, you know." Or, more tragically still, "She's never been engaged—there was someone during the War, but he was killed. Of course, if he lived . . . but then, of course, she was only eighteen; her people thought it was too young to be engaged, and he was under age himself ——." And by the time they were of age, and free to please themselves, he was "missing." And then for a long time she couldn't raise an interest in anyone else, or perhaps there just wasn't anyone else who found in her the same appeal that "he" had, and somehow she was twenty-five before she was aware of it, and by then we all knew that there were some two million more women than men in the country—"not enough husbands to go round," as we gaily put it, and somehow spinsterhood began to assume the shadow of inevitability for all those unmarried young women whose men had never come back.

Of course, we don't talk about being an "old maid" any more. We talk brightly of "bachelor women." Women are very gallant in their pride; they keep their heads up, with a sort of gay defiance, and talk about careers, and being able to dispense with men, and marriage no longer being every woman's ultimate dream and fulfilment . . . only somewhere, "in the land where the dead dreams go"—and it is Flanders' fields and poppies for so many of this legion of lost lovers—there are the little homes, and the children, who never materialised. . . .

For a little while there was a pitiful glamour in this emotional widowhood of women who had never been brides—it enabled them to keep their heads up; it was a form of tragic compensation; they had died honourable deaths, these lost lovers, and their women were proud of them; life had cheated them, but given them a glory; better, they told themselves in their courageous despair, better to be the spiritual widow of a hero than the actual wife of a man who stayed behind. . . . The actual widows and the spiritual widows, they were all one great tragic legion, and the thought of their common suffering, and their common glory, sustained them a little whilst the dying echoes of the drums of war still beat upon the air. . . .

Raphael

MISS ETHEL MANNIN

And then slowly down through the years the last echo reverberated away into silence, and the girls who had been eighteen and sweet-and-twenty when life had robbed them of their youthful heritage of love and fulfilment somehow ceased to be the romantically tragic objects of compassion; the world gradually learned to say, casually, quite unconscious of its callousness, "Oh, her fiancé was killed in the War, you know," as though that naturally settled everything. The blossomy, passionate girls merged into rather tired, rather hopeless women round about thirty . . . and the bright young people whom the War never touched are apt to smile sometimes when they hear the women of the war-time generation refer to their lost lovers. It's no use trying to talk to the post-War generation in terms of the two million surplus women. "Oh, rot," they say gaily, "the divorce statistics are the answer to that. With all this constant reshuffling there are quite enough men in circulation; some men are chronic marriers, just as

some women are chronic spinsters, and that evens things up."

THEY are a race made hardy by an innate cynicism—and perhaps it is as well they are, born into a world of shifting values, and with more ideas than ideals. But the war-time generation is, as I have said before, the last of the idealists, and along with them those of us who are neither pre-War nor post-War, nor properly of the War, but that lost, in-between, generation. We have not the same hard-wearing, *diamanté* souls as those bright young people, and we have never properly recovered from the horror of the War Office telegram lying on the hall-table because no one had the courage to open it; and though, perhaps, we of the in-between generation did not lose lovers in the War, we were adult enough at the time to remember the eyes of the women who did . . . the eyes of the women who could not weep. I would like to give all these cynical young people, who talk airily about inborn spinsters cherishing pathetically a dead romance that perhaps never existed save in their imaginations, Mottram's beautiful heart-breaking book, "The English Miss." For she was very typical, that English girl and her boy-lover who never came back. She found someone else years later, but he never had her heart or her squandered youth—youth that was made for loving—and was left to yearn, and ultimately to mourn. . . . To the soldier doctor whom she married, this English miss, she gave affection; she came to him as to a sanctuary, but gone was the soul-shaking ecstasy of that moment when she and her boy-lover kissed for the first time. I am not sure that she was more fortunate than the women who never found anyone else, for the substitute can never equal the dream, and resignation is at best expedient. One may go companioned all one's life, and yet be utterly lonely in the secret places of the heart.

WE lost a million men in the War—a million husbands and potential husbands, gone into the never-never land of the poppies and crosses, to join the legion of lost lovers. That means a million women robbed of their mates, and the wives who are most generally pitied are, I think, less to be pitied than the women who never had anything but the promise of happiness from their men; the wives have children, and the memory of years spent together, for their comforting; but the women who never wore a wedding ring have nothing, nothing, nothing.

And, with every year that passed since the War, the matrimonial chances of these defrauded women receded; they are jostled out of the marriage market by the bright young things who have very nearly psycho-analysed love out of existence, and who frankly marry "until divorce us do part"—and who equally frankly declare that they are interested in neither homes nor children; through their fashionable platinum and diamond engagement rings they do not see a home and children; they see, generally, a service flat and a great many parties, and a good time generally.

AND so the birth-rate falls because for the women who would love nothing better than a home and children, there are no mates, and the women who have mates are "not interested" in family life; they are much more interested in reading Judge Lindsey, and discussing the divorce problem and "where marriage fails."

CALLING the modern unmarried woman a bachelor woman instead of an old maid saves a woman's vanity without filling the empty hollows of her inner being. Unfulfilment by any other name would be as lonely, and sublimation of one's deepest instincts is merely a rather pitiful analogy of the sour grapes. A career, however brilliant, however interesting, however absorbing, will never take the place of the profound satisfaction of love in a woman's life—though her pride may insist on her asserting that it may and does. A career may satisfy her intellect, and find outlet for her energies, but it necessarily does not absorb her emotions. And the emotions of the women of to-day are precisely as they were two thousand years and more ago. There is no such thing as the modern woman; there is only contemporary conduct and the contemporary point of view. The hearts of men and women do not change. And presently, when the young people of to-day grow tired of their cocktail parties and the jazz pattern of their lives—as they will, because they must inevitably grow out of them—they will have a sense of having somehow cheated themselves and lost the substance of happiness in the pursuit of the shadow of pleasure. But theirs is a story not of lost lovers, but of lost ideals. . . .

BUT the women of the lost lovers cannot even deceive themselves that pleasure and happiness are the same thing, and it is no use trying to fob them off with that vague thing called, grandiloquently, a "career." So perhaps they grow a little tart in their intolerance or criticism of the irresponsible children of jazz, whom the War did not touch, and who gaily run off with what eligible men there are; they are bitter because life has hurt them so frightfully that even the wounds that have healed have left scars that throb, sometimes, intolerably; and because they know in their hearts what they are too proud and sensitive to admit, that a career can never take the place of love, and there are some things for which one cannot forgive relentless life.

FOR years I thought the little woman who runs the confectioner's down the road near where I used to live was rather a prim old maid with a soft corner in her heart for children—until one Armistice Day anniversary she asked after my little girl who was away at school, and then went on to talk of her nieces, and I began to wonder what she was leading up to—which was her "boy," who had been killed just before the Armistice; he had been "so fond of children," she said; they always used to say they would have an old-fashioned family; she always remembered that, somehow, about this time of the year, when the children came in for their sweets . . . there was a kind of dullness in her voice which was worse than if she had wept. . . . And there she is now in her little shop doing up packets of sweets for other women's children, she who used to dream with her boy-lover of the old-fashioned family, and the Armistice Day anniversaries coming round, and the old wound opening, and yet the sweet pain of memory the only thing left her.

AND there are thousands of such women, some of them obscure like this little "old maid," some of them successful, and scorning the appellation of old maid, successful "bachelor women" with "careers"—women whom the world dubs hard, or masculine—and all of them with this secret hidden ache for the lovers who have gone into the poppy land where the dead dreams go. . . .

It isn't particularly tragic because it's no longer spectacular; the War recedes farther and farther into a background of history, only in the hearts of women, secretly, deep down, deep down, unguessed at by an unheeding world, there move the ghosts of the world's vast legion of lost lovers. . . .

E. M.

SOME DEBUTANTES OF THE YEAR

MISS ANNE CHICHESTER
The daughter of Capt. G. S. Chichester, D.S.O., and Mrs Chichester of Red Manor, Dorchester. She will make her debut this year

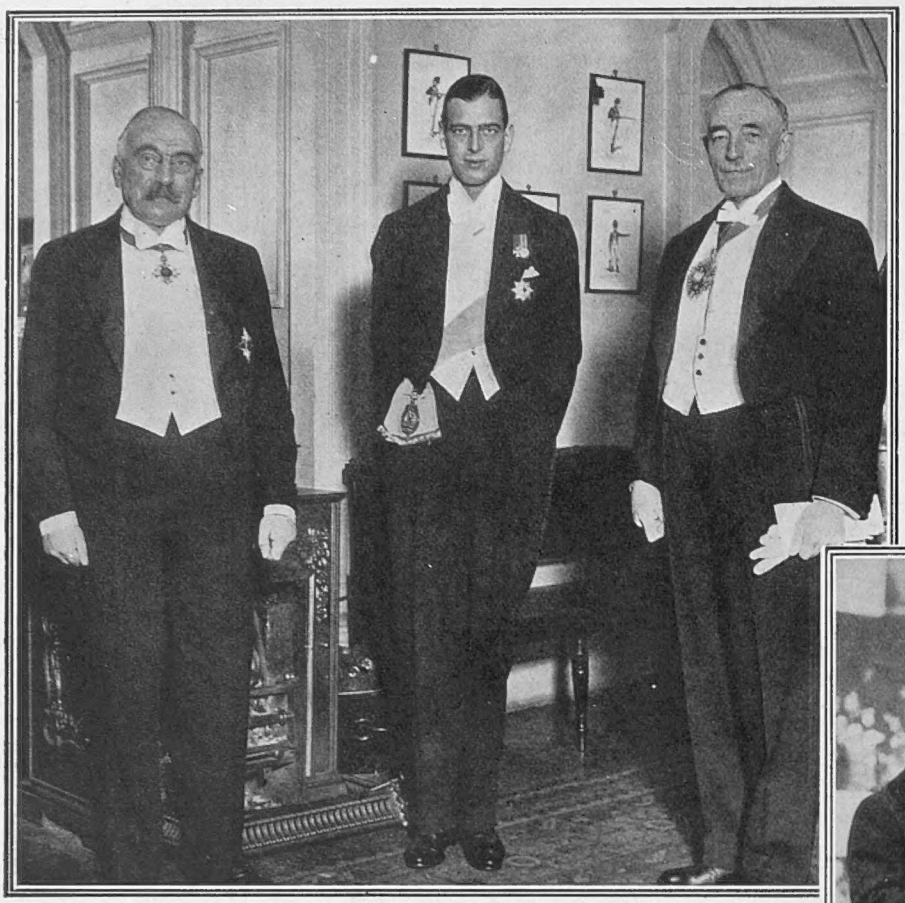
Hay Wrightson

MISS DOLORES DE GREY WARTER
Another debutante of the year. She is the daughter of the late Capt. de Grey Warter and the Countess Cathcart

Hay Wrightson

MISS PENELOPE MAFFEY
Who will be presented this year. She is the elder daughter of the Governor-General of the Sudan, Sir John Maffey, K.C.V.O., C.S.I., and of Lady Maffey

MISS MARJORIE LEIGH *Dorothy Wilding*
One of the debutantes of the year. She is the daughter of Sir John Leigh, M.P for the Clapham division of Wandsworth, and of Lady Leigh



OUR BUSY PRINCES

Prince George photographed at the first public function at which he presided, the festival dinner of University College Hospital at the Mansion House. He is seen with Sir Herbert Samuelson and the Lord Mayor of London

Royalty at Work

THE activities of our Princes during the King's illness have become more clearly focussed in the public eye as their duties have correspondingly increased with His Majesty's absence from all affairs of State.

The Prince of Wales has seldom had a more exciting day than when he held his Levee last week and immediately afterwards motored down to Chiswick to visit Lord Ashfield's omnibus and railway works. The presentation to His Royal Highness at the Levee was " by the King's pleasure " considered as equivalent to presentation to His Majesty, and the Prince received upon the Throne in St. James' Palace some five hundred members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Army, Navy, Air Force and the Civil Services.

H.R.H., however, probably finds Levees less exhausting than many of the public engagements he has to undertake, for only members of the foreign embassies and legations are permitted to shake hands.

Among the many in personal attendance upon His Royal Highness were the Earl of Airlie, Lord-in-Waiting, and his brother, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Equerry-in-Waiting. All three have one particular interest in common, and that is the game of squash-rackets. All three play at the Bath Club, which the Prince of Wales represented last week in the first match he has played since his return from Africa.

Hay Wrightson

Miss Prudence Russell, whose engagement to Mr. Michael Chetwynd Ellison, only son of the late Mr. C. C. Ellison and of Mrs. Ellison, of Malton, Yorks, has been announced. She is the eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Bertrand Russell, D.S.O., and the granddaughter of the late Lord Russell of Killowen

who

Prince George's Speech

THE Duke of York and Prince George also participated in the week's events. The forbidding precincts of the Agricultural Hall were distinguished by two royal visits in one week, the Duke of York attending the Hunters Show as its President, following the Prince of Wales's presentation of the Championship Cup at the Shire Horse Show the previous week. Prince George had a more onerous task. He made his first speech for many months at the festival dinner of the University College Hospital, of which he is President. The Prince has much of the charm

The Duke of York at the Hunters and Light Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall. He is seen presenting the King's Champion Challenge Cup to Capt. D. Blew-Jones for the best thoroughbred stallion, Brigand

when & where

CHEQUERS—AND BLANK CHEQUES !

A glimpse of Chequers, with hounds meeting. This historic house has been much discussed since Lord Haldane, in his autobiography, attacks Mr. Ramsay MacDonald for spending too much leisure there when Prime Minister

of the Prince of Wales, and he speaks with a pleasant mixture of light and shade in his voice that balances his sentences with a proper emphasis. In tracing the history and work of this great educational hospital he mentioned Mr. Geoffrey Duveen's munificent gift of £65,000, which permitted the addition of a new Royal Ear Hospital. Mr. Duveen is a cousin of Sir Joseph Duveen, whose generosity has so enriched London's art.

At Olympia

THE Prince of Wales's admonition to the business men to go out and improve their sales hardly applied to the exhibitors at Olympia. It was only with the greatest difficulty and the sternest determination that I avoided coming away with such excellent but temporarily dispensable objects as:

(1) Wringing and mangling machines.
(2) Vacuum cleaners.
(3) Synthetic marble wall paint.
(4) An engine for water-softening.
(5) Rubber carpets.
(6) Refrigerators.
(7) A rock garden and a hard tennis court.

The salesmen and saleswomen were equipped with a fluency and persuasion of words that made it extremely difficult not to regard every article as an urgent necessity. In fact, in their zeal to secure clients they may have lost some who regard an exhibition as an introduction to purchase, rather than as a shop where it is more or less obligatory.

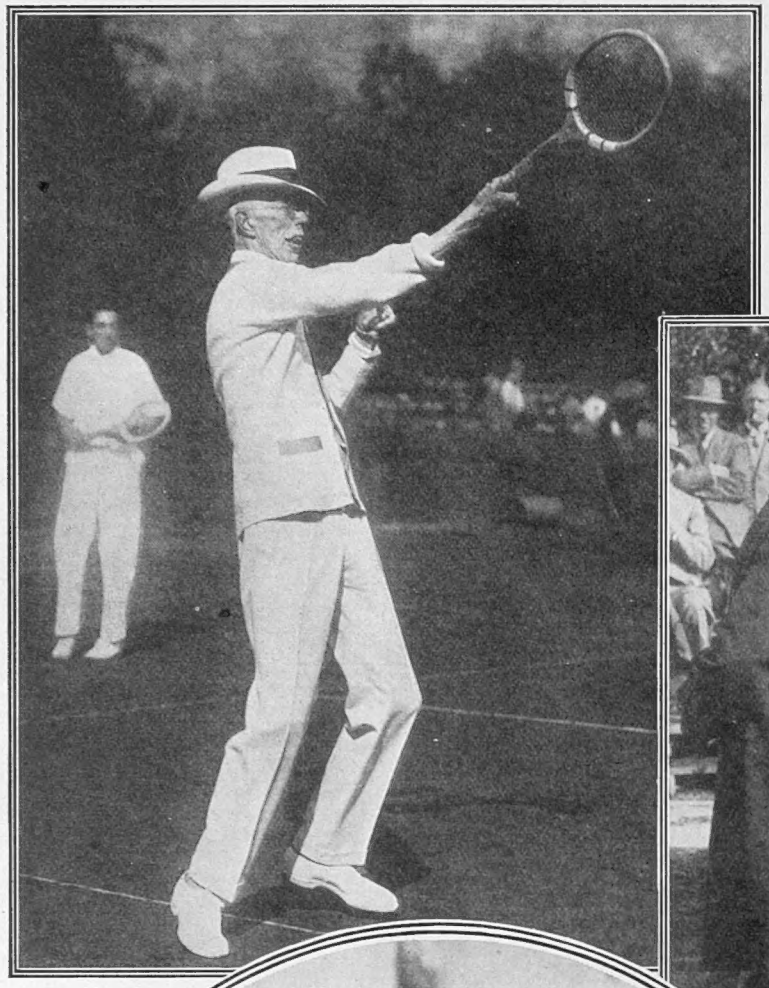
Mr. Gwilyn Rowland, an unemployed miner of South Wales, has been chosen to succeed the millionaire Col. John Gretton as Chairman of the National Union of Conservative Associations. Whether the step is wise remains to be seen, for Mr. Rowland is not a figure in politics, and being a Conservative miner is not of itself a recommendation

Lady Oxford's New Job

AFTER the straight, formal lines of modern furniture exhibited at Olympia, the sight of the library designed by Lady Oxford and Asquith provided a gratuitous criticism of what seems to be chiefly lacking in ultra-modern decoration, that is, homeliness. The room was a copy of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith's library at Downing Street when he was Prime Minister. On the writing-table were photographs of his son Anthony at an early age, one of Lord Grey and one of the King in kilts and signed, "With every good wish for 1923." On an opposite table political atmosphere was created by the sight of a red Government despatch box. Near it was the red leather case containing the seal of the Knight of the Garter. None of the other rooms, which had been designed by Lady Londonderry, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Mr. William Dulac, and Sir William Orpen, had the care and individuality that was expressed in Lady Oxford's work. She has now become a professional adviser herself on matters of taste and decoration, so this example of her

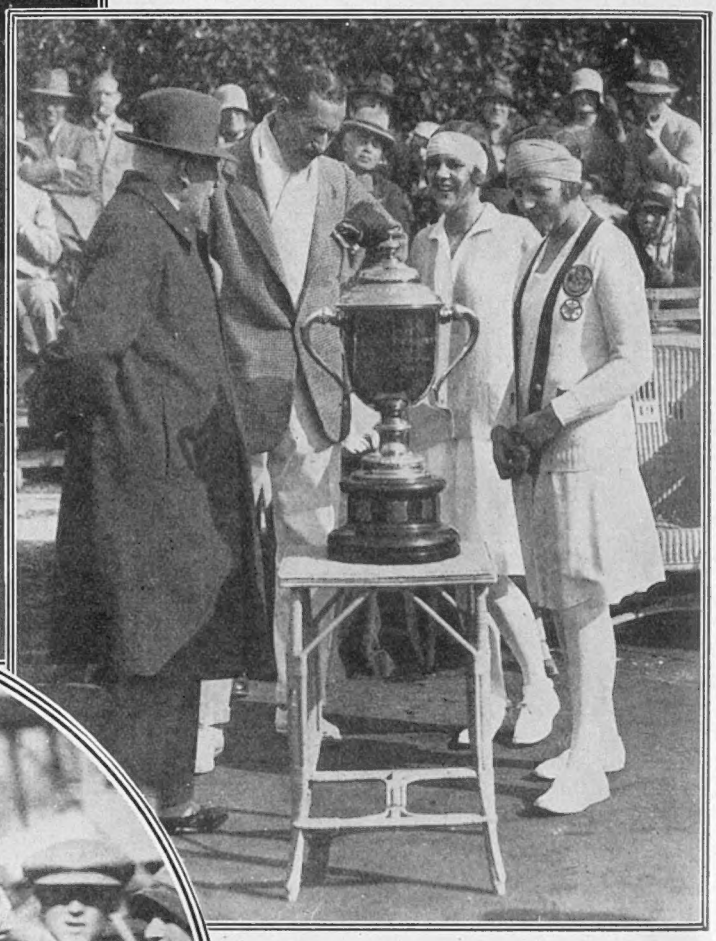
Mr. Baldwin amidst the hounds at Chequers. With a General Election in the near offing it is being asked whether the Prime Minister will be able to obtain a blank cheque from the Nation merely as an opponent of Nationalisation

KINGS ON HOLIDAY



LEFT : The King of Sweden playing in the International Tournament at Beaulieu He is very keen on the game, which he plays regularly

BELOW : At the end of the same Tournament the Duke of Connaught presented the Cup to Miss Betty Nuthall, who beat Miss Joan Fry in the Women's Singles The Duke has unfortunately been indisposed with the prevalent influenza



The King of Denmark greeting friends at the Quayside at Cannes. He has been cruising the Mediterranean in his yacht

" Ideal Room " should be an advantageous advertisement to any who wish to consult her. The fee, marked on her professional cards, I noticed, is five guineas for an interview.

A Country Tragedy

ANOTHER exhibition, and one that must strike apprehension in the most tolerant mind, is that of some several hundred photographs arranged by the Society for the Preservation of Rural England. They tell an ugly story, and in one respect are a justification of Sir William Joynson-Hicks' contention that individual liberty to-day must in many respects be restricted. For this exhibition shows the result of how proprietorial liberty has been abused by advertisers and garage owners in their desecration of the countryside and their consequent interference with

WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOUR

Lenare

Miss Joyce Phipps, a niece of Lady Astor, M.P., in the costume in which she won a prize at Mrs. Reginald Coke's "Russian" party a short time ago. She made her début last year

Miss Edith Day taking a sun bath at Madeira. She has earned a rest after her long voyage in "Show Boat" at Drury Lane

the liberty of others to enjoy it. The exhibition is being held at the headquarters of the Institute of British Architects in Conduit Street, and may succeed in stirring further and more effective protest against this type of commercial vandalism.

Why Do They Go?

THE towpath at Putney will be providing London with its annual sight of the Oxford and Cambridge crews. It is really rather strange why the Boat Race attracts so much interest. Thousands come to watch a race who would never look at a regatta in the ordinary way and to whom the Universities mean little. Regarded impartially, it is not much of an amusement. Many have only a fleeting sight of the crews, and there has not been a reasonably close finish for six years. It is not the race, it is the tradition of the race that draws the crowds. Most people—in the South, but not, I think, in the North, of England—first saw it or heard of it when children, and they have grown up to accept the race with the sort of enthusiasm that they take in the Grand National or the Derby.

The Honours List

THE Birthday Honours List contains few, if any, original honours, and, as usual, is more noteworthy for its omissions than its inclusions. Nowadays the tame party politician like Sir John Ganzoni climbs steadily upwards, and Civil Servants lap up most of the other time-serving honours. Mr. Baldwin, if I may say so, has missed the golden opportunity by not promoting the Home Secretary to the House of Lords. That antiquated assembly is the only fitting setting for the gifts of Sir Wm. Joynson-Hicks, who by his peculiar gifts

Sir Alfred Yarrow, with his daughter, Lady Dawson of Penn, on board the "Stella Polaris." Lady Dawson, who is, of course, the wife of the King's physician accompanied her father on a Mediterranean pleasure cruise

A GENERAL ELECTION FORECAST

has the power to antagonise and irritate good Conservatives beyond measure. It would have been cheap to give him an Earldom and preserve us from his philanderings with "Dora" and his extraordinary ideas about the right to seize the verses of D. H. Lawrence, poet and novelist, merely sent to his agent.

The General Election

"JIX" is incorrigible and seems likely to lose the Tories the next election unless his weird ideas on freedom are sharply suppressed. The Conservative Party are steadily losing ground to-day, and yet they have so little to beat. They anticipate, as a matter of fact, a stalemate as in 1923, in which they will be in a minority as against Liberals and Labour. The shedding of "Jix" might yet save the situation. Nothing else will. Mr. Baldwin himself fails to fire the imagination of the younger electors, although his attack on the Nationalisation policy of the Socialists the other day was masterly. But a Prime Minister who lacks the courage to lead boldly always fails to evoke enthusiasm. "None but the brave deserve the fair" applies to the new young woman electorate.

Two well-known Riviera visitors at Cannes. They are the Duchess of Richmond and Lady Meux

The Duchess of Sutherland enjoying the winter sunshine at Cannes. With the return of the sun, the town has been full of distinguished visitors

A GRAND OLD LADY

Mrs. Isabella C. Leslie, the widow of the late Mr. Alexander Leslie, J.P., of Suddin, Rossshire formerly of Calcutta, and the mother of the well-known consulting physician, Dr. Murray Leslie. Although Mrs. Leslie recently celebrated her hundredth birthday, she is still wonderfully hale and in possession of all her faculties

RITZ--CARLTON

"MORNING, Ritz."

"Morning, Carlton."

"The women got a good show in the Honours List."

"Why didn't Jix get a new title for DORA?"

"She's no lady, though the Home Secretary may admire her so much."

"He says he doesn't."

"Ah! Jix always was a philanderer."

"Never mind. The country can breathe freely now that he has had D. H. Lawrence's poems seized by the authorities."

"Let's talk of something a bit more merry, please."

"Well, the new show at the Carlton Theatre is Merry Merry enough."

"In fact, it's positively Berry-Berry."

"Still, amusements aren't quite dead yet."

"Rather not. In fact, Olympia is to have a rival in the White City."

"I hope it won't turn out to be a White Elephant City!"

"Carlton, you make me tired."

"Then you haven't the constitution of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald."

"Well, I shouldn't like to accompany him on his early morning sprint over Hampstead Heath."

"He's certainly full of energy."

"Full of energy! Why, sometimes he even 'doubles' in a division."

"*The Sacred Flame* is a red-hot success."

"You mean Somerset Maugham's new play at the Playhouse has proved a winner."

"At all events, the critics were kind to it."

"Not quite all, though. Sydney Carroll let himself go in *The Daily Telegraph*."

"He certainly did. Said it was filthy in idea and inept in construction."

"Perhaps the poor fellow wasn't enjoying his usual health and strength."

"Enough from you, Ritz. I must be off to my dressmaker."

"Well, I hope your new frock will prove a gown of Worth, Carlton, my dear."

THE TRUNK CALL

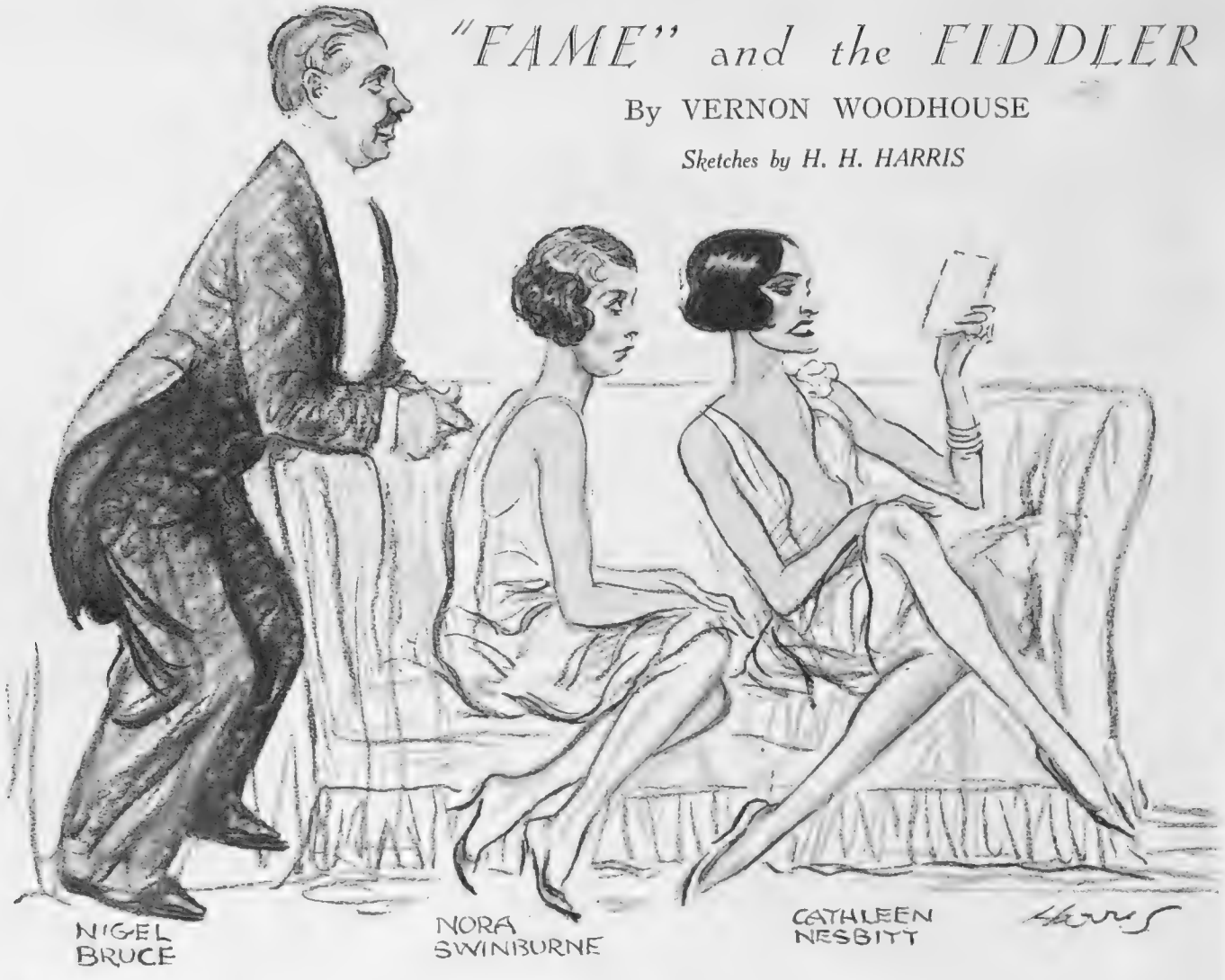
BY NORMAN KAY

General Election : "Now then, you! Time you stopped mucking about!"

"FAME" and the FIDDLER

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Sketches by H. H. HARRIS



THE new play *Fame*, by Audry and Waveney Carten, which Sir Gerald du Maurier has staged at the St. James's Theatre, may achieve popularity with the crowd as a whole, but it assuredly should be distinctly unpopular in hunting circles.

THE two young authors not only paint these circles in pink but also in uncomplimentary colours. As a study in caddishness this first act, which passes at the house of a fox-hunting host, is distinctly amusing, but in order to create amusement it looks as if the authors had held the distorting mirror up to nature. Surely, even when frankness of speech is indulged in, no woman would, on learning the secret of a stranger's birth—a stranger suddenly introduced into their midst—express the delight it gives her to meet a bastard!

NOT only does the picture painted in this first act appear too highly coloured, but it is out of key with the rest of the play, and is, indeed, superfluous unless the authors believed in a "strong" curtain showing the angry father disowning his daughter for having become engaged to a nobody, a remark once paraphrased by the householder thus addressing the char-lady: "Go, woman! and never whiten my doorstep again!"

THE rest of the story deals with what is known in the best theatrical circles as a peripety. A violinist who has married the disinherited daughter of the angry father, now dead, struck down at the height of his fame with a most peculiar form of paralysis—an affliction doubtless hastened by the suggestion that so great an artist as he should play at a hunt ball in opposition to a conjurer who is being starred at a rival entertainment!

I DO not say it is impossible for a man to become suddenly paralysed only in both arms, as is the hero in this play, neither do I deny that he could be cured when, in the midst of a right royal row, his wife smacks the afflicted one's face. What I do suggest is that to make so rare a form of illness and so quaint a cure a peg on which to hang a story is asking the public to swallow something so unusual that it not only distracts but detracts from theatrical effectiveness.

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER as the fiddler hero seemed to me to be better suited in Acts II and III than in Act I. He hardly appeared young enough to start with ever to have had the chance of making both name and fame for himself, and he played the scene when he was insulted with such dignity that the gibes of the hunting crowd were all the more unpleasant in consequence. Towards the end, when the character becomes entirely unsympathetic, he, quite rightly, played the part as it was written, with great benefit to the scene.

NORA SWINBURNE as the violinist's wife had an unsympathetic part, and she played it with just the requisite amount of hardness. Frank Vosper as a doctor who falls in love with the violinist's wife declared his passion with intensity, but as no hint had previously been given that he loved the lady this surprising twist was somewhat difficult to make appear convincing. The best acting in the hunting crowd was a very clever portrait of a thorough-paced wrong 'un by Cathleen Nesbitt, and Naomi Jacob was really funny as an elderly dame of terrifying directness of speech.

"FASHION" and FASHIONS

By HANNEN SWAFFER

Sir Gerald about to out-Kreisler Kreisler

THE mould of form soon takes the form of mould. Then, for the first time, people laugh at it.

Fashion, when revived in an endowed barn under Charing Cross Station, made simple-minded people, who regard the past as something to jeer at, cackle with falsetto laughter. "*Fashion* is for the sophisticated," said one of London's new baby boy critics. Believe me, the sophisticated laugh at *Fashion* as it is, or as it will be, not "as it used to was," to quote, from the original 1850 playbill of *Fashion,* words describing a scene in a pantomime that ended the show.

SIMPLE-MINDED people seem to have thought that *Fashion* was once taken seriously. I hasten to correct them. "The poorest kind of farce," said the *Morning Post* of January 10th, 1850, the morning after its London first night. "The sentiments are antiquated, boisterous and exaggerated; the fun is meagre, scarce and vulgar. . . . There is nothing to laugh at, nothing to applaud through the entire five acts. We sat out the exhibition with pain, and were heartily glad when all was over."

THEY seem to have had well-arranged receptions, even in 1850, for the *Morning Post* says that when Mrs. Mowatt, the authoress, came upon the stage "the noise was tremendous and the shower of customary bouquets more weighty and continuous than we ever remember to have seen. The affair was overdone, for not only were the flowers provided too profusely, but the lady appeared to be ready dressed for the occasion." So was Anne Nicholls, when London saw *Abie's Irish Rose.* She looked like the Britannia who waived the rules.

"WE suppose that our contemporaries will, as usual, teem with praise or tender allusions to slight faults," said the *Morning Post* Swaffer of 1850. "We, however, can remember the day when such a play as this would have called forth a storm of reprobation such as would have tested the beams of the building. Willingly would we behold those times revived! There is no hope for the future when the present cannot evince the sincerity of resentment."

NOW, if this were true in 1850 it is still true to-day. Not all the exhibits of old playbills or the use of out-of-date type ever kidded me. It is not sophisticated to laugh at the singing of "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls." It is sophisticated to go and see *The Singing Fool* and laugh when people cry because a father, wearing a black face for no reason whatever, sings "Sonny Boy" to his child, with the result that the child falls dead. It is sophisticated to jeer at an England that takes seriously Al Jolson's dirge:

"If friends forsake me
Let them all forsake me."

It is sophisticated to protest because England is paying an American song-publishing company thousands of pounds a month for tripe like that!

WHY do simple-minded people laugh at the closing speech of *Fashion,* where an American talks about the nobleness of mind of his untitled countrymen? I only laugh when President Coolidge makes a remark like that nowadays. If he ever spoke at all he would do it nearly every day. Primrose League speeches are much funnier. So are many of the remarks of Mr. Winston Churchill, who talks with his tongue in his cheek and his cheek in his tongue, both at the same time.

THE simple-minded laughed at the stock-tied clothes worn in the *Fashion* revival. When I looked in on the first night, I glanced at the stage, remarked to Alan Parsons, "Why, all the men are dressed like me!" and walked out again. If anybody laughed at my stock, I should want to hit him on the jaw. Then I should think of Phil Scott and remember the quality of mercy. Now, if they don't laugh at me in the street, why should they laugh at people like me on the stage? Does it have to be untrue to be funny?

Is anything more comical than a dress suit worn by Jim Thomas?

THE sophisticated laughed, during *Fashion,* at the title-seeking snobbery of New York in the late forties. Yet they never laugh at America's snobbery to-day.

The Lord Chamberlain, who sat in a box on the night *Fashion* was

"PEARLS" AT THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE

"FASHION" AT THE KINGSWAY THEATRE

A gentle reminder that beauty cannot only be found in the bobbed hair and abbreviated skirt of the present day. The lady with the fan is Viola Lyel, who is a persecuted heroine

moved to the Kingsway, must know a lot about that. The scramble of America's women to be presented at Court is a farcical comedy always being acted in his life. Could anything be so funny as Gloria Swanson marrying a prince, or Josephine Baker solemnly telling the world that she was engaged to a count?

I FIND the incidents of *Fashion* funny only when they are really under my nose. I remember Dan Lewis, the millionaire milliner, whose feathers made Gaby Deslys worth £300 a week because she couldn't act, going with me to Ascot, one year, to see the frocks.

"How dowdy!" was all he said.

I remember, too, that Max Spanier, the pearl merchant, when asked by me, one fashionable night at the Opera, to point out the jewels, whispered the news that the pearl necklace that Lady Londonderry was wearing was real and adding, "All the rest are fake!"

When you know the facts, the ecstatic bleats—"Isn't it wonderful?"—make you smile.

"It has a novel theme," people say of a play. A novel theme is usually a theme taken from a novel.

I SAW in the Gate Theatre, a few nights ago, people in boiled shirts staring at a stage on which Ernst Toller, the Communist revolutionary of Bavaria, staged the story of his own shattered idealisms when he came out of gaol. They pretended to be impressed. Inwardly, they were bored. Yet, when on the following Sunday, I saw march past, within a few yards of the Gate Theatre, poor solemn people from the East End, carrying a banner which read:

"In 1914 we fought for the Boss,
In 1929 we fight for our Class,"

nobody went to see it. The real thing didn't matter, I suppose. The fake thing made people put on evening dress to go and look. No one watched the youths and working women walk by, singing:

"Then, comrades, let's rally,
The last fight we must face;
The Internationale
Unites the human race."

WHEN I spent a night with Ernst Toller, showing him the Embassy Club, which he described as "bourgeois," he rather shocked me, when we came out of Lyons' Corner House at four o'clock in the morning, by buying a *Sunday Worker*. As I work for Lord Beaverbrook, I thought it rather let me down. Yet a woman sold me a *Sunday Worker* in Trafalgar Square while the hunger-marchers from Wales rested their tired feet, and, when I took from my fur-lined overcoat a sixpence and put it in her box, she said, "Thank you, Comrade."

Now that, I thought, really was funny. Yet, mixed up in the humour was the tragedy and the pathos and the hunger and the utter futility of everything. These things that authors put upon the stage are not nearly as interesting as the facts about which they never write.

HIGH above the Sabbath crowd, Nelson stared Whitehall way and, watching his ugly monument and its placid lions, I remembered that, years ago, I wrote these lines, never before published:

"Right in the heart of London Town,
This lesson will be always read—
The man who lost his arm
Looks down upon the King who
lost his head."

Fortunately, our Kings are the only people who never lose their heads, nowadays.

H. S.

"Mafro, Darling!" at the Queen's

A GOOD novelist is not necessarily a good dramatist. Naomi Royde-Smith as a novelist has made a name for herself, but as a playwright she fails with *Mafro, Darling!* When a mistake has been made it is no use rubbing it in, so all I will say about this play is that it was written by Ernest Milton's wife, and it appears as if his affection as a husband has outweighed his judgment as an actor-manager. A meritorious but unfortunate circumstance.

BY HYNES

"I've not quite decided about my divorce yet"
"What's the hitch?"
"Well, there's a dispute over the custody of the Pekinese."

NORTH AFRICA:

Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the novelist, outside her new home. It is near Biskra, on the edge of the Sahara

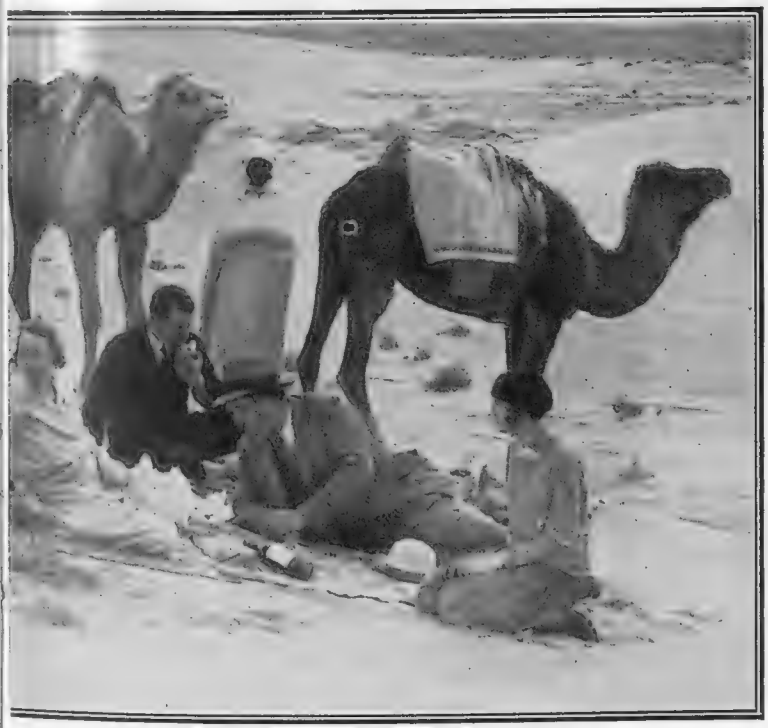
A quiet game of dominoes in the sunshine of the market at Biskra

A picnic party in the desert, where no cold winds or blinding

WITH not only Europe, but also a great part of Asia in the grip of a cold spell that froze the rivers of Western Europe, snowed up the Orient express near Constantinople, and drove people in Bombay to thick overcoats, it is comforting to know that Northern Africa, at any rate, suffered no such inconveniences. Here the sun continued to shine warmly on the towns and oases that border the great Sahara, and the visitors who sought warmth and blue skies here were by no means disappointed

VISITORS in SEARCH of the SUN

In the street of Ouled Nails at Biskra, the spot that is famous the world over as the home of the dancing girls. The fleet of motor buses seen in the narrow street links up the outlying oases, from which they bring native visitors to the Sahara metropolis

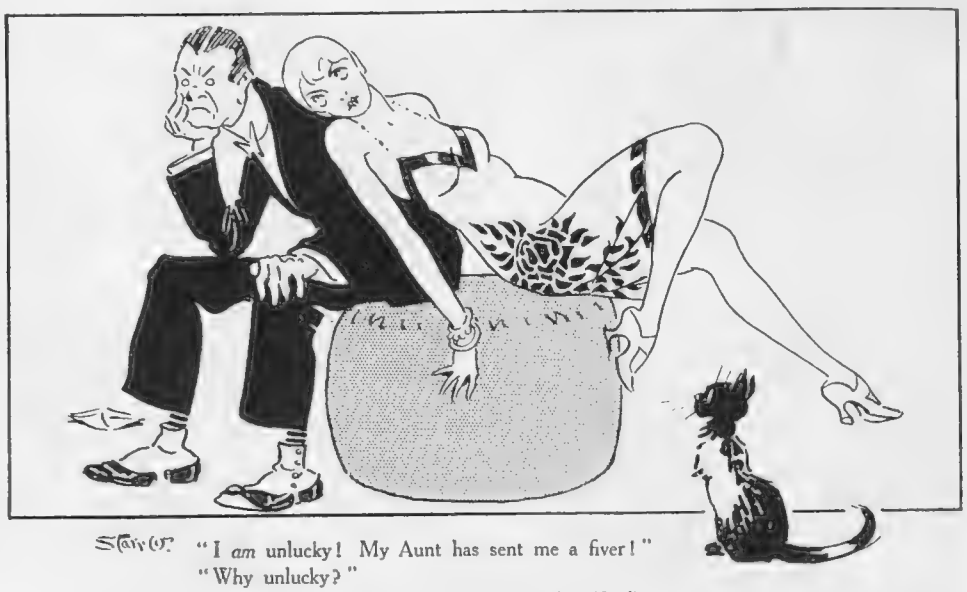


snowstorms arose to mar the pleasure of an alfresco meal

Photographs by Central Press

A lady golfer at Biskra enjoying a welcome drink at the "nineteenth hole," a remarkably fine building of Oriental design

if gossip



"I *am* unlucky! My Aunt has sent me a fiver!"
"Why unlucky?"
"I was just going to try to touch her for fifty"

Dorothy Wilding

Delightful Binnie Hale, who is back again on the West End stage, where she is playing lead in "Mr. Cinders" at the Adelphi Theatre. She and Bobbie Howes are large factors in the success of this British musical comedy

THERE may be much in a name. I once knew a tombstone maker whose name was (and, if he is not in one, still is) Tomb, and the other night I went to a banquet, at the Savoy, of the leading estate agents in the country, and the name of the chairman was Furlong.

I would sooner, in the words of Sydney Smith, be preached at by wild curates than speeched at by wild estate agents, for although auctioneering is usually also included in their job, it was curious that as orators they did not, on this occasion, amount to much. Perhaps if each speaker had borrowed the toastmaster's hammer he would have felt more at his ease.

The Duke of Marlborough, the chief guest, who looked very nice with the ribbon and star of the Garter (I think dukes and others who are entitled to should wear this regalia always, as they did in our great-grandfathers' day), made a surprisingly good speech, though he went on too long.

THE Duke does not look his age, and is not nearly so much of the grave and reverend seigneur as his two sons, though Lord Ivor Churchill is saved by his sense of humour. He wears goggles now, and takes them off and puts them on again about forty to the minute, like poor Charlie Gill used to when cross-examining.

Sarcastic references to "that distinguished person, the Chancellor of the Exchequer," who happens to be, of course, a close kinsman, made me regret that Winston was not present to have a smack back, which really would have meant some fun.

The ducal oratory wound up with an appropriately auctioneerish reference to the present Government, which was said to be "Going, going . . ."

But the hammer has not yet fallen.

WHAT with Sir Gerald du Maurier playing the violin at the St. James's Theatre, and, a few days later, Kreisler playing it at the Albert Hall, violinists have been booming of late.

But there is really no pleasing some critics, one of whom waxed sarcastic because Sir Gerald, who in *Fame* plays the part of a famous virtuoso, only actually drew the bow across the strings once, and for a fraction of a second. Does this writer imagine that any actor can learn to play as well as Kreisler or Heifetz just for a single

Navana

Julie Suedo, the English film star, who is the chief dancer in the new musical comedy, "The White Camellia." This was produced at Daly's Theatre last week, with Harry Welchman, Dorothy Brunton and Huntley Wright in the leading parts

we must

production? Did he expect the St. James's actor-manager to keep his audience spell-bound by an immaculate performance of Elgar's Violin Concerto (which, by the way, Sir Edward dedicated to Kreisler)?

Yet there is one touch of Kreisler in King Street. A gramophone "off" plays a fraction of his "Caprice Viennoise." This was one of Sir Gerald's solaces in his cadet days, and a welcome relief to button-polishing, bayonet-drill, boredom, and Bushey.

S

I COULD hardly have hoped that even the Home Secretary would have put the matter of grandmotherly restrictions so succinctly as to have stated that we cannot expect to have the same freedom for the individual in the present century as was enjoyed in the 18th or 19th. By the patron saint of priggish solicitors (who ever he may be), why not?

But by allowing even the most dense to see the official attitude in all its absurdity, "Jix" has done a good service, and I claim him as an ally in my brighter and freer London campaign of a few weeks ago.

When we are openly told that we, as a nation, must not expect to be as comfortable as we used to be, we can set about taking the necessary steps, and Sir Herbert Nield is only one of many.

Voting against the Government, however, at the General Election, as a result of "Jix's" naïve admission, is not going to do a ha'porth of good. In the matter of bureaucratic control and petty tyranny generally the Labour Party will chastise with scorpions instead of whips.

Meanwhile the P.M. might be well advised to chastise "Jix" with the largest and fiercest scorpion he can find in the garden of 10, Downing Street.

Daily Mirror

The Home Secretary in a typically admonitory pose during his recent lamentabl speech to the Oxford Luncheon Club. His out-of-date Puritanism and kindergarten treatment of the vexed question of Dora brought down a stinging rebuke from Sir Herbert Nield, M.P.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer wearing a cryptic smile and a new fashionable astrachan coat. His next Budget will be the precursor of the General Election and it is rumoured that it may be something off the Income Tax

THE cold spell had a bad effect on the theatres, but the dance restaurants have been well filled. Possibly people took to dancing more enthusiastically than ever just to keep themselves warm, though I notice that the habit of getting up and jazzing round the room between the courses of supper or dinner is dying out, which is better for the health of the great and good, but bad for the doctors.

The Prince of Wales looked in at the Kit-Cat a night or so after his

British Illus.

The Earl of Cottenham, who is the latest recruit from the ranks of the Peerage to City life. A keen motorist, he is descended from the diarist, Samuel Pepys

THE MAY FAIR AND ITS NEW BAND

appearance at the successful British Legion ball at Melton Mowbray, for Abe Lyman's band is still an attraction. I cannot understand, by the way, how or why some people consider this band to be noisy.

The Embassy, I think, misses Ambrose's band, which has gone to the May Fair, but it still is almost uncomfortably full sometimes. Lord Inverclyde and June, radiant in pink (perhaps this is one of the Paris purchases), excited some notice the other night. The wedding is provisionally fixed to take place on March 27, but obviously the choice of churches will not be a large one.

At Soso's new establishment the cabaret is going well, and young Lord Donegall, who is joining Lord Castlerosse, Lady Eleanor Smith, the Hon. Patrick Balfour, and others of the same stable, as a salaried journalist, was there with a party.

In the grill-room one night recently I noticed at a corner table Seymour Hicks enjoying, among other things, the onion soup which Soso ladles out gratis (and *gratinée*), and declares is the best "night-cap" in the world. It is certainly delicious, and after two performances a day as "Scrooge" is, I imagine, most sustaining.

Seymour Hicks's "Scrooge," when he chooses to be really in form, ranks with Irving in *The Bells*, and Salvini's *Othello*, as one of the great dramatic efforts of modern times.

Of all the overworked words in the English language the greatest one at the moment is "darling." All the fashionable young women "darling" each other, and so do the unfashionable in none too humble adoration. They also "darling" their menfolk indiscriminately, and 95 times out of 100 the word carries not a scrap of feeling with it—which is just as well.

"Darling" is rather a nice word when used to one by the person you want to use it, but otherwise it is sloppy, insincere, and wholly detestable, and it becomes a mark of affectation rather than of affection.

"Masses of" is another catch-phrase of a certain set. That, too, is being sadly overdone. Young Cecil Beaton, the artist-photographer, who is now in New York, is very fond of it. He once informed me on a stifling summer evening at Covent Garden, when he wore a pair of thick fur motoring gloves, that he had just been dining with Lady Alexander and had had "masses of fun."

Of what I remember of the earlier part of the annual fancy dress ball of the London Sketch Club I will endeavour here and now to record.

The Wharncliffe Rooms formed an ideal place for it, since the Great Central Station nearby is so quiet that nobody's artistic susceptibilities were offended. Also—and this is even more important—the club's premises in the Marylebone Road, now transformed into something rich and strange with the bar carefully tucked away, formed a useful and not too distant place for less gorgeous but not less vigorous refreshment.

Instead of the usual football match for the ladies, which in previous years has resulted in a crop of casualties rather too often, there was this time

By Wilson Flemming

Expert (to stout novice who has sat down rather heavily): "I say, can I fetch a chair for you?"
Novice: "Oh no, thanks. I think I'd rather stand a bit, just to recuperate, you know"

Express Photos

Lord Hambleden is the head of the famous business of W. H. Smith and Son, which has been conducted by members of his family for over a century. It is now being converted into a private limited liability company, although it will remain under the control of members of the family

L. N. A.

SOCIETY'S SUNDAY AID FOR CHARITY

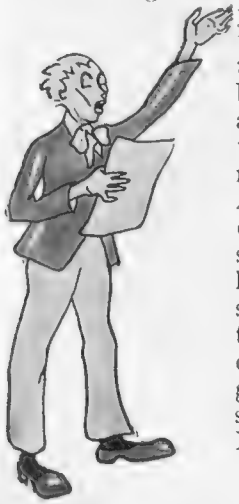
The Hyde Park Hotel is running a number of Sunday cabarets in aid of charity selected by Violet Duchess of Rutland, at which the above photograph was taken. The group comprises Lady Diana Duff-Cooper (left), Mdme. De Jange, the Hon. Maurice Baring, balancing a wineglass on his head, Mme. Poulsen, Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, M.P., and Violet Duchess of Rutland. On March 17, St. Patrick's Day, there will be a special Gala Dinner Cabaret in aid of the Southern Irish Loyalists

a comic bull-fight, with no casualties at all save one, from a dart thrown by Cupid.

Most of the well-known members were present, including John Hassall, dispensing fun; Aubrey Hammond, dispensing with hospitality; and George Parlby, as Master of the Ceremonies, "uttering platitudes in stained-glass-window attitudes."

It was certainly a "wow."

SOMETHING is being done, and done well, to mitigate the appalling gloom of a Sunday night in London by Violet Duchess of Rutland, in conjunction with the Hyde Park Hotel, where you can treat the Sabbath with a fairly hefty smash at the cost of one guinea. In return for this you will be able to consume one of the best dinners in London, to dance at your will, and to watch a first-rate cabaret show. And your moral or religious scruples, if you have any, are satisfied by the thought that half of your guinea goes to charities selected by the Duchess.



Lady Diana Cooper, Oliver Locker - Lampson, and Maurice Baring were members of one of several parties supporting the venture recently.

A LITTLE time ago I announced that Lord Annaly had joined the board of directors of a barber's shop in Bond Street. Sterner business is now the aim of Lord Cottenham, who is working in a bank in King Street, Cheapside.

Thus the list of peers who find a commercial life congenial or necessary, or both, is steadily growing. Lord Bective carries out electric-lighting contracts "with celerity and despatch," and Lord Lathom sells, or did sell, high art sofas and wall-papers.

Lord Cottenham is a Pepys, of the family of the great Samuel. But it is Lord Castlerosse nowadays who writes the Diary.

What a chance is here for the *Daily Herald* once more to exercise its ever-ready wit at the expense of those of gentle birth who like doing a spot of work.

MISS MARGERY LAWRENCE

Whose new book, "The Drums of Youth," recently appeared, has had one of her short stories adapted for the films. She is the wife of Mr. Arthur Towle, the well-known novelist, who has recently devastated Mr. James Douglas' criticisms by suggesting that modern youth does not take its outlook on life from old women—of either sex!

WHAT MEN SHOULD WEAR

By "BEAU BRUMMEL"

ENGLISHMEN have the reputation of being the best-dressed males in the world. Wherever one goes one can distinguish them, not only for their immaculate appearance, but also for their innate good taste in wearing the right garb for the right occasion. I am afraid we do not derive our reputation for being sartorially perfect from celebrities such as Mr. Baldwin, who probably has more important matters to think of than his attire, but, of course, there are exceptions to this rule. For instance, Earl Beatty is always perfectly dressed, whether he be at Ascot or a less important function.

DRESSING one's self correctly is a much more difficult undertaking than it first appears to be, as one of the most important things to remember is to be as unostentatious as possible. The well-dressed man should be so correctly attired as to be unnoticeable. The idea of a certain type of person seems to be that unless he is wearing something out of the ordinary that shouts at one he is not smartly dressed; this is absolutely wrong. Another thing to take particular care of is style, as so many people forget when plagiarising our best-dressed actors, as, for instance, Mr. Jack Hulbert or Mr. Jack Buchanan; they lose sight of the fact that they have not their figures or personality, and the result is often incongruous. Talking of personality, this is to a considerable extent based on one's clothes, especially to the world at large, as one can generally pick out a bookmaker or a bailiff quite as easily as one can an ex-Cavalry officer by his legs and liver.

THERE are innumerable examples of this personality in clothes, especially Lord Lonsdale, who always looks extremely well turned out in his clothes of Victorian cut. Another example was the late Sir Squire Bancroft, who had a distinct style of his own. When one comes to analyse this, one can realise to what a large extent our clothes have on our personality.

ONE of the most immaculate and originally clothed men in Society is Lord Lathom, who has undoubtedly the largest wardrobe in London. This playwright peer has an artist's eye for colour which is not only apparent in his attire, as Lord Lathom has a charming little shop in Mayfair, where he interests himself in designing and furnishing flats and houses in a most original and luxurious manner; some of our celebrated actresses can vouch for his taste in colour schemes. This is rather far from our subject, so we will now concentrate on style, colour, and the other details dictated by Savile Row.

"Englishmen have the reputation of being the best-dressed males in the world"

THE double-breasted vest with very bold lapels and three buttons is still very popular, worn with very full pleated trousers, turned-down bottoms, and single-breasted three-button jacket, rolled soft to wear unbuttoned. It is a distinct change from and much more convenient and comfortable than the double-breasted jacket. The coat is cut with square shoulders as before, and a single- or double-breasted lapel is quite in order. This type of suit is extraordinarily smart in a fancy stripe, preferably black or blue, and very suitable for any person of medium height, as the stripes and double-breasted vest combined tend to give one height.

AS regards a suit for a man of large dimensions with a questionable waistline, the only style is the single-breasted coat with two or three buttons and single- or double-breasted lapels. This last item may be left to the wearer's choice. A single-breasted waistcoat and non-pleated trousers should be worn. It is also advisable to choose some smooth, dark worsted material, with not too much design. The only man who looks really well in a double-breasted jacket is a man of at least 5ft. 10in. to 6ft. in height, and of very slim build. To be more explicit, the man to carry a double-breasted suit successfully should have the figure of a Guardsman.

A FASHION that is becoming increasingly popular among smart men for country wear, now that plus-fours have become so universal, is a Glenurquart check coat in various shades of fawn and brown, and worn with grey flannels. The effect is very good and quite original. Speaking of country clothes, one finds more and more people having four-piece suits made, as, from a practical point of view, they are really most useful, especially if one wishes to travel light for a week-end, for they can act as both a lounge and golf suit.

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

SKY SCRAPERS

SUPPER TIME at t

George Whitelaw writes: At the table on the left Conti is taking orders for supper from Eddie Tatham and Fred Astaire, wit immediately behind them are B. A. Meyer, the theatrical manager, and Madeleine Carroll, who plays both in films and on the sta figure of Lord Brecknock, with his partner, looms large on the right. In the right foreground Violet Loraine and her husband, M hovering watchfully over a party that includes Princess

BY GEORGE WHITELAW

the CAFÉ ANGLAIS

e, with whom are the Misses Essex and Valerie French, granddaughters of the late Earl of Ypres, whilst on the dance floor he stage. Delys and Clarke, who often entertain at the Café Anglais, are in the centre of the floor, and the red-buttonholed nd, Mr. E. R. Joicey, are doubtless discussing things theatrical, whilst at the table behind them Borgo, the maître d'hotel, is incess Arthur of Connaught and Captain Robin Humphreys

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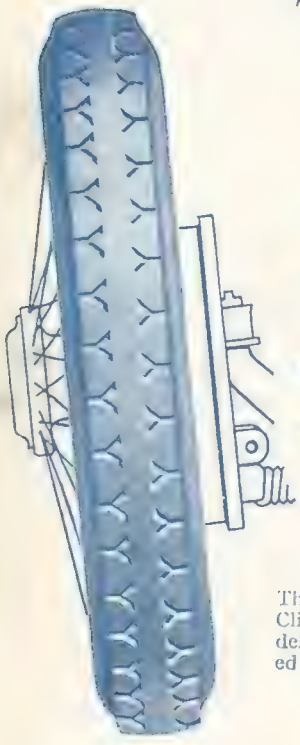

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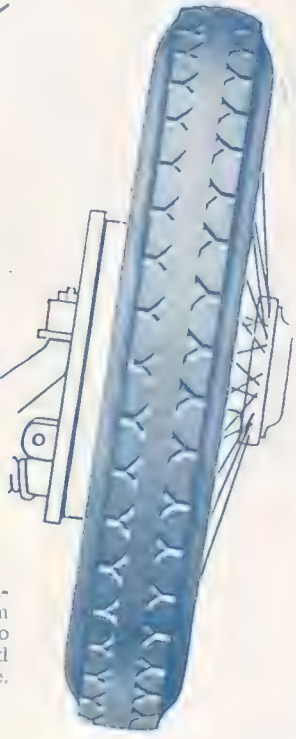

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE RED SOLDIER

by

Emmy Denghy

THE last chance of escape had passed. The citizens who were loath to abandon their homes to the mercies of an inflamed mob of Revolutionaries, or had hoped against hope that the threatened catastrophic regime would not materialise, now definitely lived in a reign of terror from which there was no escape except by deliverance from outside the city's boundaries.

Bolshevism held sway in Hungary's stately capital, and the Magyar endured the horrors of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. The spectre of Famine stalked gauntly through the streets of Budapest; privation, misery, and fear were in every domicile.

Marie-Therese Countess Czegled paced up and down the one small room still left for her own use by the Red Soldiery, listless and dejected. She did so, no so much because there was hardly anything else left to do, but to keep herself warm. Spring was about to soften the rigours of a Hungarian winter, but the evenings were still bitterly cold, the fireless hearths of mansion and cottage alike testifying to the futility of the "common ownership of property" when there was no fuel to share or buy. She wore fur-lined boots and the one thick coat that had not been commandeered, and a shawl which she drew closer round her throat and shoulders every now and again. It was now eight o'clock, and her little son was asleep in the cot still left him. Otherwise she was alone and free to ponder over her position. The servants she could not pay had gone.

Miss Emmy Denghy, the author of this week's "Bystander" short story

EVEN cleanliness would soon be a luxury, for the Countess was using her last tablet of soap. Crudeness of diet she could tolerate, for she was young and healthy, but *that* would be hard to bear. So, too, would be the absence of the creature comforts hitherto accepted as her normal right—warmth and light and recreation. Her boy was sleeping peacefully. He was too young to understand the historic events now running their course, and gloried in a new freedom which enabled him to play with the street urchins formerly he was taught to despise or pity. He missed the Count, his father, and the sweets, perhaps, but in his infant mind he regarded himself as amply compensated by the acquisition of new playmates and the loss of a nurse. Marie-Therese arrested her slow pacing to pause and smile upon him. So long as he was comparatively happy and was well she would make the best of things and hope for a speedy return to sanity by the people.

She sighed resignedly and went to the cupboard where was kept her precious store of methylated spirit, tea, cigarettes, and kindred items, all dwindling with inexorable regularity. Soon, she thought, as she regarded the half-pint of spirit still left, there would be an end even of the nightly cup of tea, and then the dreary monotony of the interminable evenings would be complete. Carefully she filled and lit the little stove beneath the tiny kettle and then seated herself beside it, lighting a cigarette. This was the time, the few minutes of luxury, she looked forward to each chilly evening, when she allowed her mind to dwell upon the possible whereabouts of her husband and the probably duration of the reign of the despot, Bela Kuhn.

Thoughtfully she poured the boiling water over the spoonful of tea. She could not decide whether she was of either of the two opinions about the future; she had been both according to her moods. Optimists believed that the collapse of Bolshevist rule was near at hand and that the loyal troops of the Government were even now encircling the city. Pessimists, on the other hand, declared that Communism had come to stay; that it would spread across Europe as a plague; that there was no remedy and no escape from this disease, which was a natural and inevitable consequence of post-war chaos.

Presently the hall door opened and banged shut again. Footsteps sounded unduly loud on the tiled hall and then on the stairs, bereft of its carpets by the Revolutionaries. A man coughed. The Countess's heart beat more quickly. Was this a visitor? If so, it would be one of two; either the ex-concierge, who was now a person of importance on one of the many "committees," and who had the right to enter her room at any time he liked, for she, being the wife of a nobleman, was naturally accepted as an enemy of the new order; or the "Red Soldier." Or it might be one of the many other Red Soldiers billeted on her.

THERE was a knock at her door. It was *not*, therefore, the ex-concierge. It would be the Red Soldier, and she was glad. But her heart beat not less fast. She called him the Red Soldier because that was what he was. That there were other soldiers as red did not matter. He was the only one she knew—to speak to. Mercifully he wielded a certain measure of authority over the other inmates of the house, and she was not molested.

"Come in!" she called calmly.

The door slowly opened and he entered. He doffed his sailor's cap with the arrogant red band as he did so, tossing it into a near-by chair with the cool assurance of the visitor who knows he is welcome.

"Good evening," said the Countess. "You are punctual, and, as usual, just in time to share the tea!" She brought another cup as she spoke.

"Good evening, Comrade Countess," said the man, with a pleasant laugh. "Yes," he continued, "it seems that I am in time for tea, for which many thanks."

There was a short silence as he sipped the beverage and then leant back in the chair with an air of content. He elevated his eyebrows in mute request for permission to smoke his cigar. She smiled consent.

"Comrade Laszlo, you manage to obtain very good cigars still."

"Old stock, and nearing the end of it."

"My supplies, too, are running out," said the Countess, reverting to momentary sadness.

The Red Soldier seemed surprised. "I thought you managed rather well," he said.

"How should I? I am practically penniless, and even if I possessed money I could not buy half the things that are necessary to retain one's self-respect."

"But your husband——"

"I do not know where he is. I have not heard from him since—since all this began."

Laszlo permitted himself a short, incredulous laugh.

"Don't you believe me?" she flashed out at him.

"Well, you know, a husband is a poor sort of husband if he cannot communicate with his wife, or provide for her needs under almost any circumstances."

Marie-Therese remained silent.

ILLUSTRATION BY W. E. WIGHTMAN

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What had possessed Comrade Laszlo to talk like this? He was evidently leading up to something. Hitherto he had been polite, almost charming, never familiar, occasionally helpful when he assisted her with her heavier household duties. He often visited her in the evenings, to keep her company as he said, and she had believed him. Was there some ulterior motive?

"You *do* know his whereabouts," the man insisted, leaning forward and laying his hand upon hers. She snatched her hand away, and even in the semi-darkness he could see that in each pale cheek a crimson spot of indignation appeared.

"I do not!" she retorted with vehemence.

"And you care not?"

"Why do you say that? Please don't question me further!"

"Very well. But *I* know where he is!"

"You?"

"Why not?" Laszlo sipped the tea leisurely before proceeding. "He is an officer of the White Army."

"That much of course I know. But *where* is he?"

"I do not feel inclined to tell you," was the cool reply.

Marie-Therese felt her heart sink within her. Was she to make an enemy of the only human being in this great city who could shield her from harm? The man was becoming insolent, and she was helpless. She shrugged her shoulders with assumed indifference.

"Perhaps it is as well, Comrade Laszlo. I should only be suspected of communicating with your enemies, and, even if I knew, he could not help me, and I could not write to him."

"You are suspected already, Comrade Countess. I just wanted to make certain."

"Oh! So you are an agent-provocateur, deputed to become friendly with me and then to betray any secrets you may obtain? And I trusted you!"

"Countess, Marie—trust me still. I love you! Why hide it?" The Red Soldier rose and stood before her, awaiting the storm. But it did not come; instead, she, too, rose and faced him, the tears gathering in her eyes. Every instinct of her finer breeding prompted her to defy the man and order him out. But her demeanour was that of a broken woman. Events had undermined her self-confidence to-night and destroyed it.

But if he spoke the truth? Did he really care? Did she *want* him to care? Marie-Therese dared not answer.

"Go, please," was all she said. But he did not move.

"Trust me," he reiterated. "Test me. Let me take a message to your husband. I love you, Countess. There is no harm in your knowing now. I have loved you all along, but I tell you now only because I know it is hopeless. You still care for your husband, and he is not worth it!"

Marie-Therese half-smiled. She tried to say something, swayed a little, and then—— In a moment she was in his arms.

It seemed an eternity before either spoke.

"I thought—that you were going to faint," Laszlo murmured at last. His voice was tremulous, his face grey.

'She, too, rose and faced him, the tears gathering in her eyes"

"I'm sorry."

Marie-Therese glanced at her sleeping boy. A long pause. Then, "Do you think we really care, or—or is it——"

"*I* do," he broke in gently. "But you—you have more to lose. You are lonely. I took advantage of your desire for friendship. But, thank God, my manhood has returned. I shall not press you. Time will tell whether your feelings are what I hoped for. I shall not refer to this again until your husband has rejoined you. Will you write a message for him? I will undertake to deliver it for you."

"You will do *that*?"

"Test me," he said again.

* * *

II

"Well, Comrade, so you have managed it?"

"Yes, Comrade Kroft, I have managed it," answered Laszlo.

The ex-concierge held out his hand.

"You cannot have the letter. It is sealed, and I do not want Monsieur the Count to think it has been opened, and of course it won't be."

"Oh, won't it?" sneered Kroft. "Remember I am your superior officer."

"What do I care about that? Besides, for how long? The White troops will probably clear us all out very soon."

"That is counter-revolutionary talk, Comrade," snarled the other. "You can be arrested for that."

"It is commonsense talk, Comrade, and you know it. As for arresting me—well, I do not think you would be as successful as I was, and will be, in obtaining the noble Count as a hostage to save the skins of, say, for instance, you!"

In a fury Kroft sprang up from his chair, and in another moment would have buried a knife in Laszlo's breast. But the latter was too quick for him. In a second or two he had stepped back a pace, at the same time levelling a revolver at his adversary that appeared to come from nowhere.

"Steady, Comrade Kroft," he said softly. The gentleman addressed slowly resheathed his knife and sulkily sat down again.

"And now, Comrade, your pass to enable me to carry out your orders. Unless of course you abandon your idea of enticing the Count here to be seized as a hostage?"

Laszlo accompanied the query with a smile of amusement, still keeping his revolver levelled.

"And, of course," he continued as the ex-concierge began to write, "I have your word that the lady will not be interfered with while I am away?"

"So? And is she your property?" was the surly rejoinder.

"Do you know, Comrade Kroft," bantered Laszlo, "I think one day I shall kill you!"

* * * *

III

The orderly coughed apologetically once more.

"What the devil is it?" growled Commandant Count Czegled, of the 17th Infantry, impatiently.

"I am sorry, sir, but Captain Zerni insists that you read the letter at once."

"Insists!" exploded the Count. "What letter? Give it to me." Muttering angrily, the Count tore open the letter, and then, having read it, emerged from his tent. Seeing the bearer some yards away, he approached him. The junior officer saluted.

"Why the urgency?" demanded the Count without further greeting.

"I am anxious to get back. Your wife may be in danger."

"And you have appointed yourself her protector?"

"That is needlessly offensive, sir!"

"You forget yourself, Captain."

"Not at all." The two men glared at each other for a spell.

"I suppose I ought to be grateful to you," growled the Count.

"It is immaterial. The Countess is in want," added the Captain abruptly.

"She has jewels. She can sell them."

"They have been stolen."

The Count swore.

"Well, I can do nothing except ask you to be good enough to take her back some necessaries, enough to last her until we come. I will give you the money."

"I shall be glad to do that, of course. Now, sir, I want to ask you a personal question, and I hope you will not take offence. Do you care for the Countess?"

"You dare ask me that?"

"Well, your acquaintance with Madame——"

"That is finished," interjected the Count hastily. "Long ago. Surely this has not reached the ears——"

"No, no. I only ask so that I would know how bad news would affect you——"

(*Continued on page 476*)

FILM NOTES

AN ALLURING LADY OF

G.P.A.

Lya de Putti, one of America's leading film stars, is now in England. She is preparing to take us by storm—by way of Elstree—both having recognised each other's importance. Lya de Putti is of Italian and Hungarian extraction, and will doubtlessly prove to be a welcome asset to British films

It would seem that the British film industry is getting away with things at last, for not only is Elstree developing into a second Hollywood, but producers are actually commandeering stars from over the water to play the lead in their new forthcoming productions.

❋

Anna May Wong was the first to try her luck amongst us, and now the beautiful young foreigner, Lya de Putti, has arrived in London with the same object in view. That she will be a success is a foregone conclusion, for there are not many who can remain entirely unmoved when Miss de Putti vamps her way through a picture with the use of the "Come hither!" glance in her liquid brown eyes, and a "I don't fear the consequences" smile on her alluring lips.

❋

Behind me at the Tivoli the other day were three girls, evidently feeling incredibly audacious at having come to see a film which had as it chief attraction a banned title. "Lady of the Pavements" was considered too utterly beyond the pale by our somewhat inconsistent censors, so they changed it to "Lady of the Night," which, for a reason best known to themselves, quieted their anxious consciences.

❋

The joke lies in the fact that the said "lady" is an innocent, loyal and intensely lovable little person, capable of very deep affections, most deliciously played by Lupe Velez. "Isn't she like Greta Garbo?" said one young woman, and she was right, though Lupe has distinct comedienne instincts, and is, on the whole, more consistently exquisite than her Swedish rival.

❋

Sex appeal is a tribute I would pay to both, though perhaps all and sundry would not agree with me.

William Haines (left), Marion Davies, and George K. Arthur having all found time to pay a visit, it is to be deduced that John Gilbert's magnificent garden is situated close to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios

THE NIGHT

By AUBERON

Clara Bow is supposed to be the embodiment of "It," and can be seen at the Plaza in her latest Elinor Glyn hit, "Three Week-ends." Sufficient to say that her "It" differs in many respects from the quality possessed by Miss Garbo and Miss Velez, and there seems little doubt which is preferable.

❋

THE story of the film, "Lady of the Night," revolves round the intrigues of a French courtesan in Napoleon III's reign. Scorned by her *fiancé* when discovered in the arms of a lover, she concocts a plot in which he shall unknowingly marry a woman of the gutter, since, in a fit of anger, he has told her that even one of these misguided creatures would be more desirable than she as a wife.

❋

SOME laughter, some tears and kisses that are quite devastating bring us to the *finis*, which is fortunately a happy one. Lupe Velez's tears were too anguished to countenance a parting of the ways for ever.

❋

WILLIAM BOYD, as the young hero, was his usual charming self, and went down well with the female members of the audience. Remarks such as "Isn't he too sweet?" and "Isn't he too marvellous?" reached me on all sides.

One of the ways in which William Fox presents "In Old Arizona"—officially described as "100% outdoor Talking film." The two principals, Warner Baxter and Dorothy Burgess, are seen above in an unusual "close-up"

A duel to death is enacted at the British International Studios at Elstree: Alexandre D'Arcy, Randoph Ayrton, and Marguerite Allan are seen surrounded by camera men, producers, scene shifters, and officials, making one of the scenes for the forthcoming film, "The Romance of Seville"

PARIS GOSSIP

"PICKLES, PORTRAITS and POP-GUNS"

By JAY MARTIN *Sketches by SCHUS*

FRANÇOIS COTY, the perfumer and newspaper publisher, has two residences, one in the Bois de Boulogne, the other in the Hôtel Astoria. He also has an idea that assassins are on his trail. The Hôtel Astoria was, previous to the War, the property of the Kaiser. Confiscated by the French Government, the notel became an Anglo-American hospital, and later the headquarters of the Reparations Commission. The Commission being crowded for office space, all the bathrooms were dismantled. So, after the building again became an hotel, it only required one or two extra years to replace the bath-tubs.

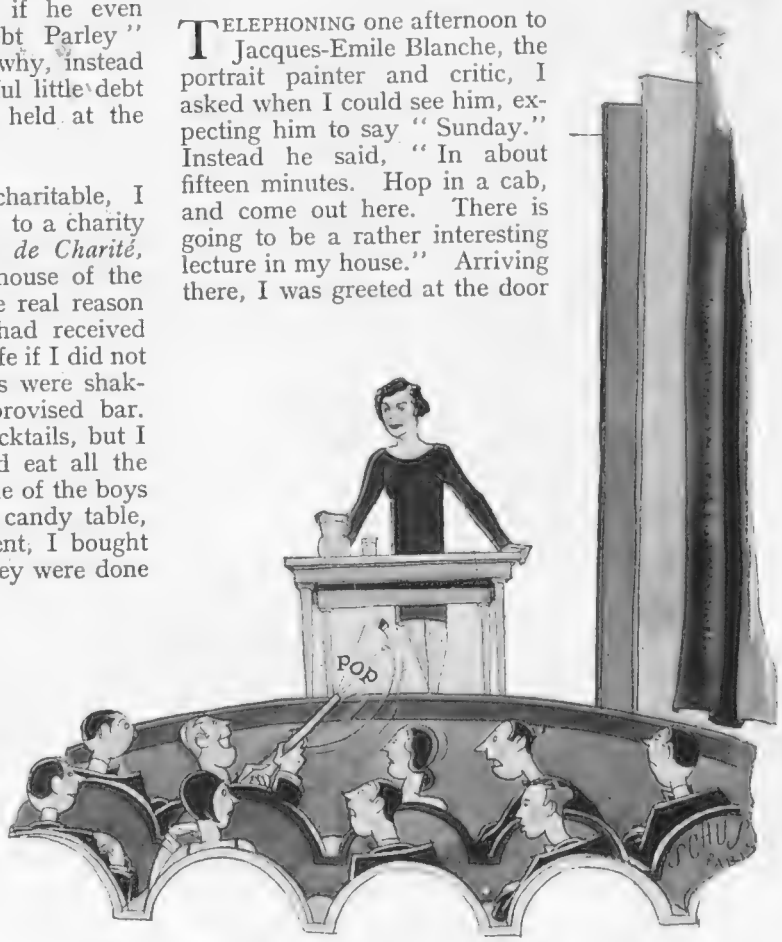
MONSIEUR COTY, it is said, pays a yearly rental of two million francs for his apartment at the Astoria, and when this hotel was selected as the meeting place for the current Debt Parley, Coty made violent objections. The hotel, he claimed, would be overrun with inquisitive strangers; and not only would be unbearably noisy, but who knows who might slip into the hotel with Mr. Morgan or Mr. Young, and shoot Mr. Coty. He threatened to give up his apartment if he even heard the words "Debt Parley" mentioned. So that is why, instead of the Astoria, the playful little debt conversations are being held at the Hôtel George V.

NOT feeling at all charitable, I went, the other day, to a charity *vente;* I mean a *Vente de Charité,* which was held at the house of the Comtesse de Ribes. The real reason I went was because I had received threats against my own life if I did not go. Some of my friends were shaking cocktails at an improvised bar. I did not drink many cocktails, but I did lean on the bar and eat all the olives in sight. Then one of the boys dragged me over to the candy table, where, just to be different, I bought some pickles, because they were done up in a pretty jar, and besides, I like pickles. However, Edward was all for candy, and purchased a box of chocolates, and a tin of, I hilariously discovered, baby food.

"THAT," I warned him, "is Government propaganda to raise the birth-rate. You see, at every charity bazaar they sell baby food to bachelors, so the bachelors have to go right out and live up to it." Edward, very much alarmed, returned the baby food and in his agitation exchanged it for one cigarette costing fifteen francs.

"Edward, very much alarmed, returned the baby food"

TELEPHONING one afternoon to Jacques-Emile Blanche, the portrait painter and critic, I asked when I could see him, expecting him to say "Sunday." Instead he said, "In about fifteen minutes. Hop in a cab, and come out here. There is going to be a rather interesting lecture in my house." Arriving there, I was greeted at the door by Monsieur Blanche, who said, "I have held up the lecture for you. Go and find a chair near the fire," he advised, "I don't know any of these people." "Aren't you going to speak?" I asked. "Good Lord, no," he answered. So I sat and listened to a discourse on his father, Doctor Blanche, who was a great alienist, who had for patients the Princesse Mathilde, the Comtesse de Castiglione, who was a great beauty of the Third Empire.



"When you say 'The cannons roared' I shall fire off a little pop-gun"

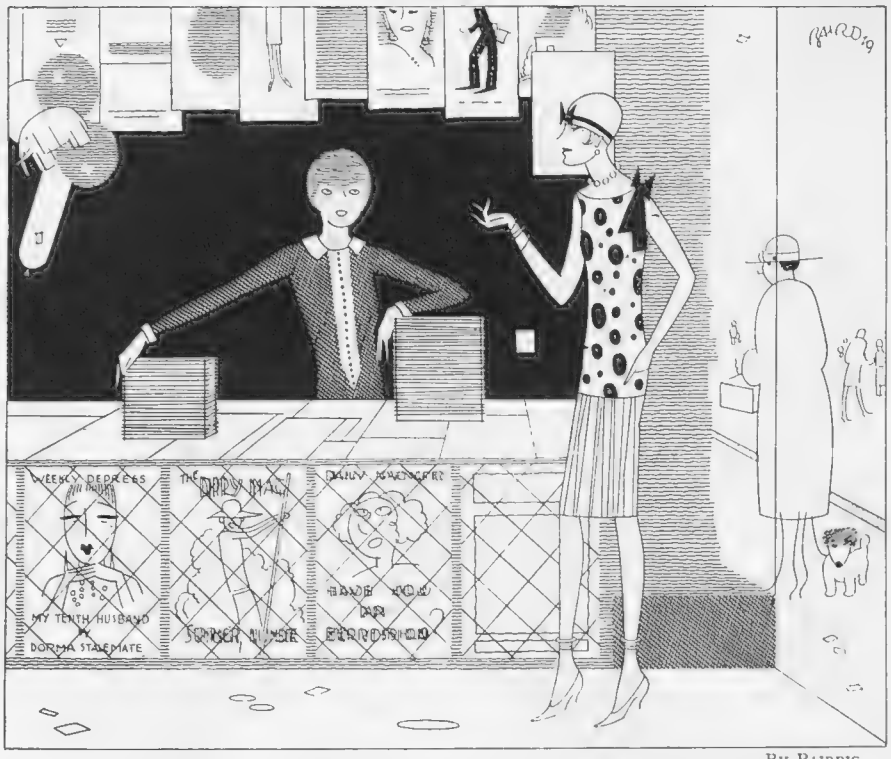
I COULD not imagine who on earth all these people could be. The lecture over, I saw Blanche standing on the balcony which overlooks the room, so I ran upstairs. "Just wait a few minutes," he said, "until all these people leave." I saw two American women standing before Blanche's portrait of Charles Conder. "That," said one of them authoritatively, "is George Moore." "Have you ever seen George Moore?" inquired her companion. "No, but I am sure this picture is of George Moore." I was about to be big-hearted and correct her, when I realised that I was ignorant of the subject

(Continued on page 482)

DRAWN BY YUNGE

CONSPIRACY!

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 480)



By Bairdig

Customer: "It's a little red book with a picture of her inside"
Assistant: "All anatomical works, Madam, are on the third floor"

of the adjacent portrait, and, if questioned further, I would feel foolish.

S

FINALLY, the crowd left, and I had tea with Blanche and his wife. "Would you mind telling me," I asked the painter, "what that lecture was about?" "It was about my father," he answered. "Oh, I know that; but how is it that you knew none of the people who attended?" "Oh," he said, "it was one of those 'Promenades Conferences' given by the Musée de Louvre." "For God's sake," I exclaimed, "I have been avoiding those things for years, and here I have been to one without knowing it."

S

AND now I fear that I am in for a lot of lectures. This is the open season for them. During the winter one is given every afternoon by the "Université des Annales" at the Colisée Cinema in the Champs Elysées. Dining the other evening with the Princesse Lucien Murat, whose book on Catherine the Great has just appeared in English, I told her of my experience *chez* Blanche. "Unfortunately," she said, "I have to give a conference, too. On March 4 I am going to speak on Napoleon's campaign in Egypt." "How jolly," I exclaimed; "I shall sit close to the platform and when you say, 'The cannons roared,' I shall fire off a little pop-gun."

S

WITH us was Henri Rivollet, who is translating "Merton of the Movies" into French. He is going to lecture at the Annales on March 15, and will tell the world what Americans think of Paris.

S

"DO Americans," he inquired, "prefer spending their time at their dressmakers or at Napoleon's tomb?" "They buy dresses," I replied, "so they will have something to wear when they go to see Napoleon's tomb." "What else," Rivollet asked me, "do they like in Paris?" "This American (my secret is out) likes chocolate soufflé very much." "How interesting," said our hostess, "will you have some more?" "Thank you, I will," I answered; "it's awfully good. I also am crazy about the two Botticelli frescoes in the Louvre." "Would you like some of those?" asked Rivollet. "Oh," I returned, shyly, "I really could not accept anything like that."

S

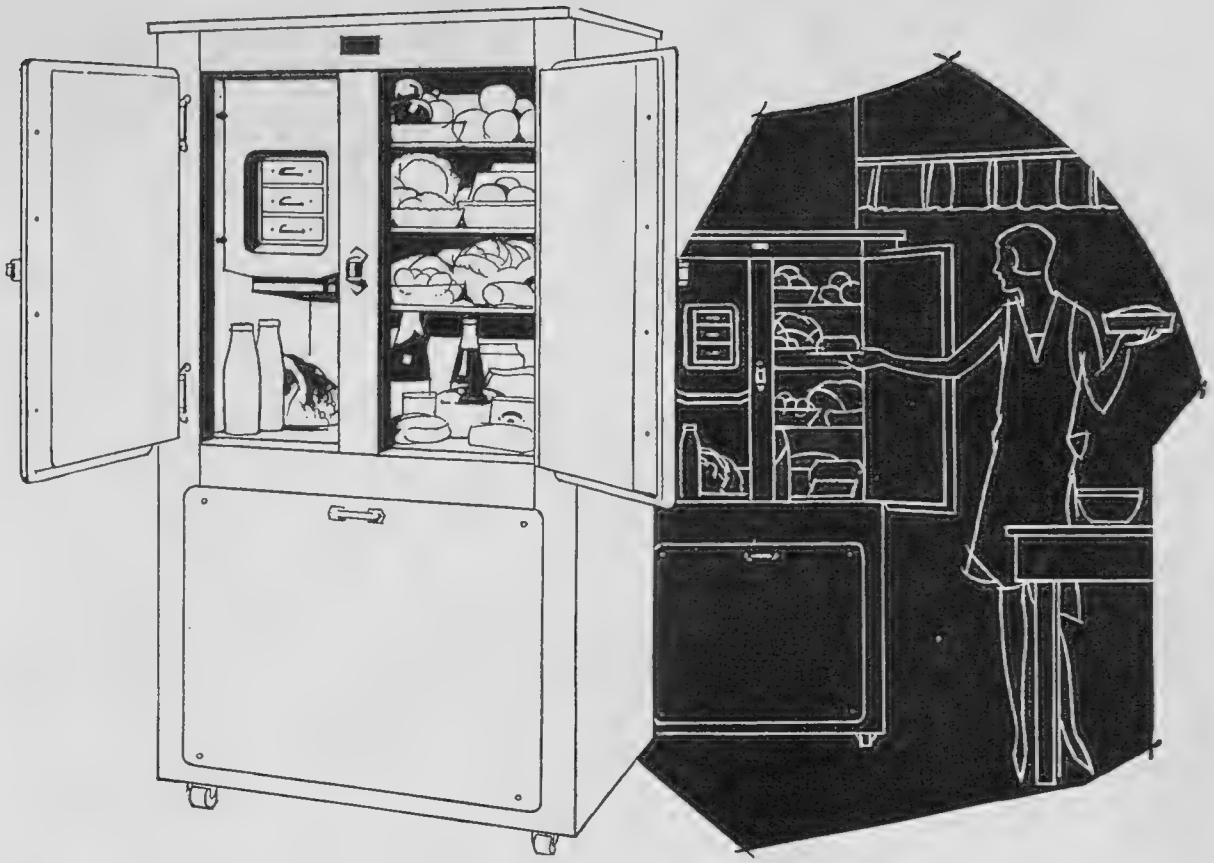
THE effortlessly amusing Victor Boucher is drawing hordes to the Michodière to see him play the leading *rôle* in Yves Mirande's new comedy, "Le Trou dans le Mur." After having witnessed Boucher as the over-cautious lover in "Les Vignes du Seigneur," the bold one in "Son Mari," and as the timid budding author in "Vient de Paraitre," I entered the theatre with an expectant grin, which stayed throughout the performance.

S

THERE are countless unexpected lines and situations in "Le Trou dans le Mur." In the first act, André, who is yet to receive his first client, hears the door-bell, and picks up his telephone, into which he has an impressive conversation with an imaginary client. However, his visitor fails to be impressed, because when André hangs up the receiver the stranger says: "I just came to tell you that your telephone will not function before to-morrow." One unusual line is delivered in the second act by the letter-carrier. "My wife," he complains to the gardener at the château, "becomes crazier every day. Her newest idea is that our last child is not mine."

THE "EYES" HAVE "IT" Planet News

It is easy to understand that Nancy Carroll (left) and Clara Bow tied in the competition organised at a Hollywood party for the possessor of the most beautiful eyes. If there was any jealousy about the result, doubtlessly it was quickly evaporated in the resultant publicity



When the kitchen is like a hot-house

WHEN the cooking is done at last, and some of the fumes and heat have penetrated even to the larder—that's when you'd be thankful—wouldn't you? for a gleaming white Frigidaire in which to keep your food cool and fresh.

You'd know for certain, with scientific facts to back you up, that in those frosty porcelain compartments everything would keep fresh and pure for days and days if necessary. You'd wonder that you ever left food lying on fly-blown larder shelves in the dust and muggy damp.

You can have your Frigidaire to-morrow. The price of a dress-length will bring it you, and the balance can be paid over a period of twelve months. Running costs are a few pence a week. The coupon will bring you particulars.

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Please send me, without obligation, complete information about Frigidaire.

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A "FLAPPER" ON THE FLAPPER VOTE

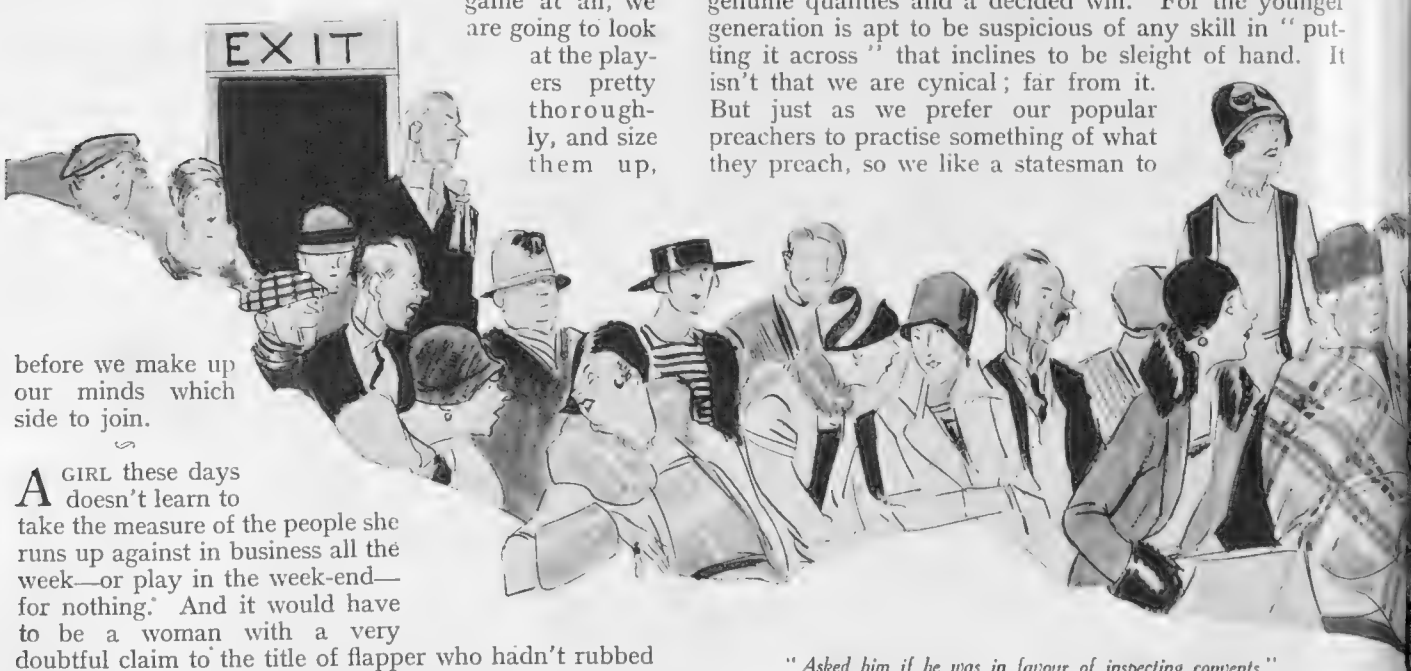
By
ROSEMARY

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Three gentlemen this week want to make my acquaintance"

I AM a Flapper, I am a New Young Woman, I am Miss X——, and *so* popular. Three Gentlemen this week want to make my acquaintance and put before me their proposals. By which, of course, they mean political programmes and not "offers," as dear Miss Matty and Miss Phoebe understand the term. What a stir there would have been in Quality Street to entertain the more dashing of the handsome candidates!

IT seems a pity they left this Flapper vote business till these less responsive days. Miss Matty for very kindness of heart would, I am sure, have given her vote to all three, while Miss Livvy's would have been an easy conquest for the best looking. But we, in this year of grace, are made of sterner stuff. If we are going to take part in the game at all, we are going to look at the players pretty thoroughly, and size them up, before we make up our minds which side to join.



"Asked him if he was in favour of inspecting convents"

A GIRL these days doesn't learn to take the measure of the people she runs up against in business all the week—or play in the week-end—for nothing. And it would have to be a woman with a very doubtful claim to the title of flapper who hadn't rubbed shoulders with the world's worker one way or another, and been taught a lot that she didn't learn in the nursery, school, or college. The "sheltered" woman is well over thirty by now. We have had the windows open since then, and the Modern Girl has been brought up to enjoy fresh air.

SO a political party won't catch this Rosemary with an invitation-dance and an Etonian Candidate any more than they are going to catch Mary Ann with a tea-party and some titled condescension. Indeed, I don't know which of them feels the more slightly nauseated at the whole business.

AND how *can* a poor young man, whether he has an Etonian walk, Oxford accent, or six-feet-two of fine English manhood in—or out—of his socks, hope to capture a vote from a young woman? If there is one thing on earth a girl may be permitted to know all about, surely it is a young man!

NO, it is going to be Character that will tell. And by that we don't mean the sort of thing called "Personality," that can be cultivated by a correspondence course and the use of a good hair oil. We want genuine qualities and a decided will. For the younger generation is apt to be suspicious of any skill in "putting it across" that inclines to be sleight of hand. It isn't that we are cynical; far from it. But just as we prefer our popular preachers to practise something of what they preach, so we like a statesman to have an occasional thought or two for the State. If they do, we follow them; if they don't, we pass along quite well without them.

IN fact, I believe the real meaning of the new vote will be to enlarge the scope of modern politics. If we are to take any interest in it at all, it must deal with the things that really are of importance in daily life. The present "affairs of state" are no doubt important, but when they are as dull and as unintelligible to the ordinary man and woman as the present debates in the

House on De-rating, it is time a new way was found of dealing with them. Committees or something could surely be set up to get through that sort of work, and the general business of the house be devoted to something of more "human" interest.

IT isn't as if there wasn't plenty to be done. And as things are run, it takes Parliament to do them all. Whether it is a matter of putting up decent houses where there are none at all, or where some big Syndicate doesn't care to pull down places fit for a source of income, but not fit for people to live in.

THE Candidate of the future will have a far more difficult time than he has had up to now. It won't be enough to know his Party programme through like the rhymes for Latin prepositions; nor will it do any longer to "nurse" the constituency on anything from buns to free hospitals.

NOT that we want the poor man to be teased with all sorts of "crank" questions whenever he sets foot on a platform. He often has a bad enough time now when the dear old lady in the back row asks her regular question about the public-house in her street. "What will the Candidate, should he be returned, do about it?" Luckily his answer is usually drowned in the uproar of retreating feet whose owners have been reminded of their thirst. And as he himself disconsolately sips the water on the Chairman's table, he hopes no one has been offended.

QUITE the worst case of which I remember, happened to the late Mr. Dougall Meston, who was standing as a Liberal at a by-election last year. A woman got up at the end of a meeting and asked him if he was in favour of inspecting convents. Only the strains of "God Save the King," struck up by a quick-witted Chairman, saved us from hearing what the papers call "frank details" of the things she maintained went on behind the walls.

FAR be it from the New Young Woman voter to embarrass any young man, be he never so political. But, on the other hand, don't let him think he is always going to get away with it. We may dance with him at the local Palais, but however light he may say we are to hold, we may be heavy when it comes to moving to the poll to cross a ballot paper for him. We may prefer that girl, who is an Under-Thirty herself, and comes of a Conservative County family, but has chosen to stand as an Independent because there are a good many things in the country that she thinks want doing and none of the Parties has had the courage to take them up. If she has the Character, she shall have the winning vote.

Rosemary.

A RUGGER REVERIE

A DUBLIN DEBACLE

By PENDARVES

THERE is not the vestige of an excuse for the *débâcle* of the organisation which occurred on the Lansdowne Road ground at Dublin when Scotland appeared there to play Ireland. It is not as though the Irish officials were taken by surprise. They have had ample experience of crowds on an International day for many years.

MEN cannot play Rugger properly when the ground becomes strewn with orange peel and banana skins, as it was near the touch and goal lines in Dublin. And it defeats me utterly how men who have come out to see a game played cannot play the game themselves by refraining from such unpleasant habits. That was bad enough. But matters became worse. One had the entrancing spectacle of an International Rugby match being stopped while the referee and the players moved about among the encroaching thousands, begging them to "get back a bit." The fault lay in the crass idiocy of officialdom in the first instance in the mismanagement of their job.

ON these "mess-up" occasions one can, and most people do, trot out the old argument that "it is the same for both sides." In this case it was not. Hampered and worried as some of the Scots evidently were, the Irish players were quite obviously suffering more from their own crowd. It is impossible, of course, to say what would have been the final result had the spectators been kept in bounds. But there were at least two specific instances when a score by Ireland was probably lost, not by the players, but by the spectators. It was almost a foregone conclusion that Byers would have scored in the first half if he had been given room to move by the spectators. In the second half, at the most critical stage of the game, Arigho, scoring a try, found the goal line obliterated by the crowd (they were packed, if you please, within a yard of the goal posts!), could not carry on and touch down between the posts as he otherwise would, so had to touch down far out, causing Ganly to miss the place kick from a difficult angle. And two badly needed, and certain, points went west.

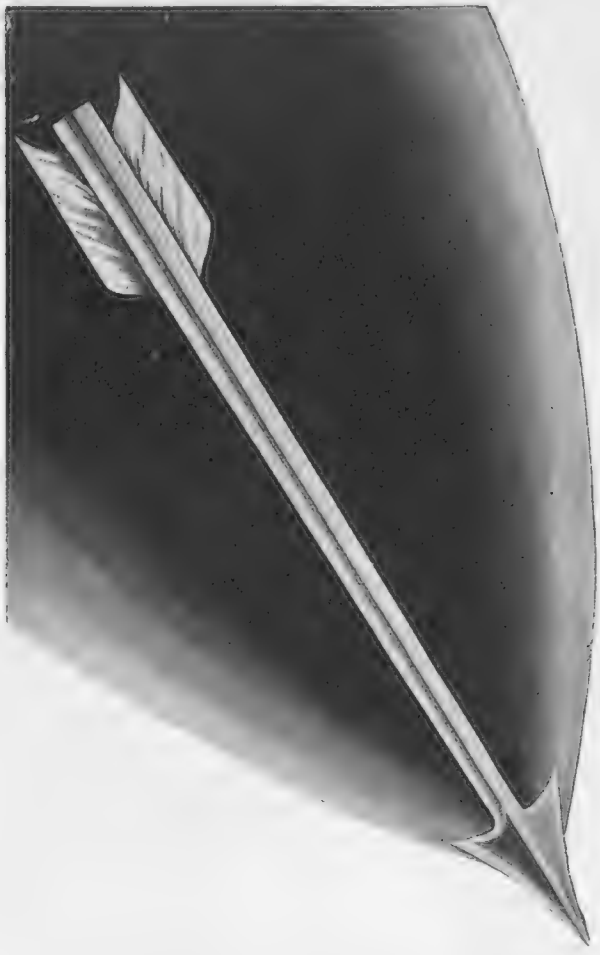
SOME people, comfortably ensconced in the stand, and so, of course, not guilty of any breach of the peace, affirmed strenuously that it was not Scotland but Ireland who beat Ireland. This is a little ungracious. Scotland had a rotten time: stuck it out: and won. And the least we can say is that they won on their merits. There was wholesale Irish lamentation at the keenly felt loss of their great centre three-quarter and captain, Stephenson. But the answer is that the mainstay of Scotland's back division, J. C. Dykes, was badly hurt early in the second half, and for the rest of the game was little more than a plucky passenger.

THE one outstanding surprise about this game was the sudden and almost complete failure of the Irish forwards in the last quarter of an hour. Whereas at Twickenham they were in their most fiendishly aggressive form during the closing minutes of the game, they played here as men who were utterly spent. They were beaten. And they knew it. Their defence collapsed. It was hard to believe this was the same irresistible team. And the moment the canny Scot saw this (it was palpable to everyone) down came the sledge-hammer of attack, naturally, and continued to the end. It was an unexpected victory for Scotland, but not an undeserved one.

WHETHER Scotland are entirely satisfied with their side is another matter. The forwards brought off few effective rushes in the loose. Nelson was outplayed by Sugden. And one never used to see Ian Smith missing the ball entirely, and almost presenting the opponents with a try in consequence. This player would seem to be looking back upon his best day. On paper now Scotland should beat England next week. And yet, somehow, I don't think they will. In any case, it will be what is known as "ahelofagame." And this Bystander will be there, with about 59,999 others, watching the game of the year, and telling you something about it all subsequently.

A CLASSIC GROUP!
The forwards fighting for the ball in a line-out during the Irish - Scottish International. Played at Dublin, it resulted in a win for the visitors

Sport and General



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IS INSIDE THE BOTTLE

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

GIGOLOS, ZOLA, and a WAR STORY

By RALPH STRAUS

THERE are some curious professions these days, and amongst them, I suppose, must be included the gigolo or professional dancing-partner (in trousers) whose feet and features are his fortune. Twenty years ago he would have been an impossibility; to-day he flourishes, though, if we are to believe Mr. Julian Swift, whose *Chronicles of a Gigolo* (Werner Laurie: 7*s.* 6*d.*) I have just read with unalloyed enjoyment, he does not have too easy a time.

❋

TO be candid, I opened this novel with a strong idea that I should not be able to finish it. I know nothing of night clubs, except what I read in the newspapers, and what little I have heard of the average gigolo (but he is not always called by that name) has not prepossessed me in his favour. Another of those unnecessary books, I thought, which are born by the dozen each week and die miserably within a fortnight. But the first chapter of Mr. Swift's novel roused my interest, and I read the book through at a sitting, for it not only has wit and pathos and a coherent story, but is written in a truly delightful manner.

❋

THIS gigolo begins his dancing career without fine clothes and with no more than five shillings in his pocket. His education has not been of the best, and by consequence the opening chapters of his diary are deliciously free from good grammar. He is a simple soul, and in spite of a few feminine traits, very likeable indeed. And from his first night "out," he is lucky, for Mrs. Merrick herself takes pity on him at the Forty-Three, and the girl Babs introduces him to one or two most useful clients.

❋

LITTLE by little he climbs. A Countess falls mildly in love with him, and a rich old dame in Berkeley Square follows her example. He saves money, goes to Savile Row for his clothes, and after bear-leading his Berkeley Square dame across Europe, persuades Babs to join him abroad. But she hears the call of the stage, and though their little idyll seems likely to last, poor Julian soon discovers the fact that women have their own way of doing things. After Babs's marriage to her "producer" he becomes ill, and when his diary ends he is in much the same position as he was when he started.

❋

NOW this book, whether fiction or fact—probably a judicious mixture of both—may be without "importance," but it is mightily well done. In parts it is genuinely moving, in others killingly funny. The gigolo himself is portrayed with a clarity which many practised novelists might envy. And though the spectacle of a young man living on the foibles of elderly trout with too much money is not particularly inviting, there is not a passage in the book to which exception can be taken.

It is one of the most entertaining experiments of the kind I have seen for some time. I know nothing of the author, and can form no opinion of his literary future, but his first book—if it is a first book, and on that point I am inclined to be doubtful—is singularly piquant, and should have a big success.

Raphael

MR. JULIAN SWIFT

whose book "Chronicles of a Gigolo" is reviewed on this page

THE censor keeps busy. I gather that the unfortunate Miss James, whose first novel was not even permitted to remain in the hardened reviewers' hands, suffered because she dared to print certain "terrible" words which, though in fairly common use amongst the folk she was describing, upset our delicate policemen. And so, I suppose, if a man like Emile Zola were to have published his first novel in these enlightened days instead of during the squeamish sixties, he would have suffered in much the same way. As it was he was constantly in scalding water. His life, even before he startled the world by his defence of the unfortunate Dreyfus, was sufficiently dramatic, and Matthew Josephson's new biography *Zola and His Time* (Gollancz: 25*s.*) makes the most of it.

❋

HERE, indeed, you have the man for what he was—the little clerk in a bookshop who was so eager for success, the novelist who was continually shocking somebody or other, the "realist" who was always a bit of a poet, the "obstinate bear" whom the Academy would never receive into its truly respectable body, the "cowardly traitor" whom France wanted to tear into pieces, and the *cher maître* who died quite as dramatically as any of his curious Rougons.

THE book is a big one—perhaps too big, but it is undeniably alluring. And I imagine that it tells the sober truth, though "sober" is hardly the right word to apply. Mr. Josephson, an American, by the way, is amongst the moderns in the way of telling his "martial" story, but there is nothing superficial about his work. He has etched in a very clear portrait against a background that is more than usually picturesque. And I must offer a word of congratulation to the publisher and his binder, for together they have produced an arrangement in black and gold which looks extraordinarily well on its shelf.

❋

THE style of Marjorie Booth's first novel, *The Gem of Earth* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.*), is better than its story, which is a little commonplace. It is pleasant to find a young writer allowing her people to talk as people do really talk, and not in a weird and highly grammatical Johnsonese. Moreover, these people, with one possible exception, are real—the nice Ruth of the appalling family, who is seduced by her mother's doctor, and her friends, and the egotistic young man whom she really loves and who becomes rather nicer when he realises his love for her.

❋

THERE is, indeed, distinction in this novel, and an insight into things. I think that Miss Booth will do very well. At the moment she is a little too leisurely in her methods, and I am not quite convinced by her portrait of the doctor. Admittedly he is a difficult fellow to get down on to paper—nice cads always are—but perhaps I am adopting too lofty a standard. The novel, at any rate, is a sincere piece of work, far superior to the average tale about the "modern" girl, and easy to read.

❋

FINALLY, I draw your particular attention to a book by Terence Mahon, called *Cold Feet* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*). This, like the gigolo book, may be fiction or fact, but it certainly cannot be read unmoved. In brief, it is the self-told story of a middle-aged architect at the Front while awaiting a shameful death. He has been court-martialled, and is to be shot for gross cowardice in the face of the enemy.

❋

IT is a finely human piece of work, and the ending is not the least fine thing about it. The architect is duly shot at the appointed time, but not in the way that authority had arranged. An R.C. padre, who had befriended the poor wretch and been given his manuscript, has a story to add to it, which leaves one strangely exalted, angry that war can still be, but not unmindful of its finer side. *Cold Feet* is in many ways an extraordinary book. In my opinion it must be ranked very high.

R. S.

(*Continued on page* 490)

Miss Lilian Davies
Miss Evelyn Laye
Miss Phyllis Dare
praise
POND'S TWO NEW PREPARATIONS

"I have recently made a change in my toilet. Every time I wash my hands, after drying them, I apply Pond's new Skin Freshener. It makes the hands feel delightfully cool and silky—and I think it keeps them delicate in appearance.

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Lilian Davies

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS

DURING the last few months several plays have become best sellers on quite a fiction scale. Two editions of *Journey's End*, Mr. Sherriff's wonderful war play, which is shortly to be performed in both New York and Berlin, have been sold out in a week, and a second edition of *A Lady With a Lamp*, Reginald Berkeley's Florence Nightingale play, has been put on the market, whilst popular *Young Woodley* has gone into a fifth impression. They are published by Victor Gollancz, Ltd.

❋

IT is also interesting to note that *Berkeley Square* was revived at a West End theatre early this week, and Longmans Green published the book on Monday last to coincide with the new production.

❋

WE are promised the whole piquant and picturesque *Story of the Gipsies*, told by a man who has lived and taken the road with them—Konrad Bercovici. He tells what is known of their origins, traces their picturesque trail across Europe in France, Germany, Spain, Russia, the Balkans, and tells of their heroic battles, their heroes, their festivals, their triumphs over the laws and soldiery of the humdrum world; their laughing lives and glowing legends. How the Tziganes danced and sang while soldiers poured a volley of bullets into their ranks, until the soldiers, awed, laid down their rifles and joined the dance. How they have fought and loved and gone their singing way through the ages. Published by Jonathan Cape.

❋

IN *High Pressure* Colonel Lionel James, the well-known war correspondent, tells the story of his ten years' strenuous adventure in many fields and climes. This book includes such stories as the first use of wireless telegraphy in connection with journalism in actual warfare. Published by Murray.

SOME BOOKS RECEIVED

STORY OF KING ARTHUR. ——. At Tintagel.

PAPER HOUSES. By William Plomer. (Hogarth Press: 7s. 6d.)

THAT MAGIC FIVE. By Sylvia Bates. (Secker: 7s. 6d.)

THINGS SEEN IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS. By Clive Holland. (Seeley: 3s. 6d.)

THINGS SEEN IN SICILY. By Isabel Emerson. (Seeley: 3s. 6d.)

THE SPLENDID SILENCE. By Allan Sullivan. (John Murray: 7s. 6d.)

VANITY IN MAYFAIR. By Oscar M. Sheridan. (Cecil Palmer: 2s. 6d.)

WHO'S WHO IN ART. ——. (Art Trade Press.)

SECRETS OF YOUR DAILY PAPER. By Fredk. W. Carter. (La Belle Sauvage: 2s. 6d.)

THE PERSIANS ARE COMING. By Bruno Frank. (Knopf: 6s.)

LADIES IN THE ROUGH. By Glenna Collett. (Knopf: 6s.)

MY FIRST TWO THOUSAND YEARS. By G. S. Vierick and P. Eldridge. (Duckworth: 10s.)

THRO' HUNGARIAN EYES. By Julia Eva Vajkai. (Weardale Press: 1s.)

WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE. By Clara E. Laughlin. (Methuen: 7s. 6d.)

WITCH TEMPLE. By Allan Graham. (Stanley Paul: 7s. 6d.)

THE GREAT TRANS-PACIFIC FLIGHT. By Kingsford, Smith and Olm. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

A BEGGAR MAN CAME. By Simon Dare. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

THE FATALIST. By E. V. Savi. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)

THE FINGER OF DEATH. By Henry Connolly. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

THE NINE CLUB. By T. Clare. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

THE SILVER VIRGIN. By I. A. R. Wylie. (Cassell: 7s. 6d.)

THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL. By Leonora Eyles. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)

BYRON. By H. Nicholson. (Constable: (7s. 6d.)

THE PAINTED FACE. By Oliver Onions. (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)

MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH's new book, *The Village Doctor*, just published by Cassell's, is the latest novel of this famous teller of stories of Sussex life. The village doctor, a transplanted Londoner finding himself among reserved villagers, and a scheming family bent on social advancement, seeks refuge from boredom and mistakes adventure for love.

❋

So many conflicting reports of Communistic Russia reach us from propagandist sources that Mrs. Anne O'Hara McCormick's book, *Communist Russia*, should prove interesting. This book is written from personal experiences of the towns, villages, and capital of that wide country. Williams and Norgate will publish it this month.

❋

"WRITE me a story—a murder story—in which everybody, the victim, the murderer, and all the suspects are the kind of people you would like to have in your home," said the Editor of one of the biggest papers in America to Mr. Kay Strahan . . . a difficult challenge; but Mr. Strahan accepted it and wrote *Footprints*, which was published by Victor Gollancz last Monday. This story was awarded the U.S.A. Scotland Yard prize for the best detective story of the year.

❋

MR. WALTER VODGES, the author of *A Great Man*, has experienced almost every vicissitude of fortune. At thirteen he was a messenger boy. Later he enjoyed months of comparative affluence in the running of a large wheat farm which had been left him. The farm failed . . . travel in days of success and semi-starvation when he was poor . . . which was often. He is now a journalist of accepted reputation. For the background of his novel he has chosen the straggling Californian township of the 'fifties which was later to be San Francisco. Published by Longmans Green.

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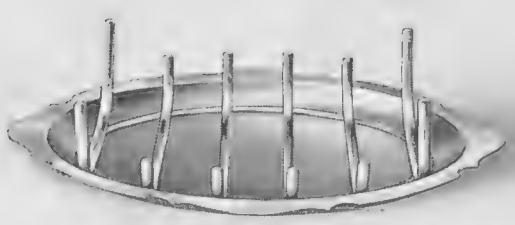
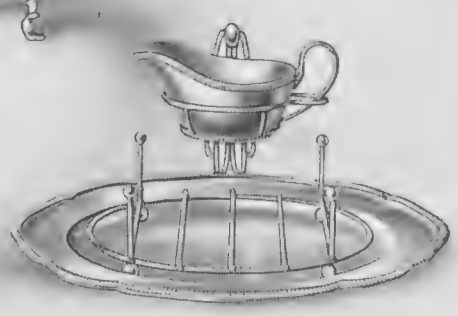


20846. Prince's Plate Asparagus Dish.
12 in. long .. £2 7 6



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CONTRACT BIDS OF MORE THAN ONE

By "ACES EASY"

ANATHEMA at Auction, the original bid of two is the foundation of all big bidding at Contract. It should be made to indicate hand containing (i) a solid suit or one that can be solidified with the loss of but one trick; (ii) at least three defensive tricks in hand; (iii) sufficient length to dispense with trump assistance in the partner's hand. This bid is used irrespective of whether a major or a minor suit is bid.

❋

THE limitation of suit-solidity, although not universally practised, precludes the use of the original call of two from embracing suits headed by ace-queen-ten, king-queen-ten, ace-jack-ten and weaker combinations. Even with six cards and outside tricks, *one* is the proper call. The reason for this somewhat arbitrary convention will be apparent when the bidding for slams is explained. An original bid of two is the most stimulating call that can be made at the table; it always should be given a "Courtesy raise" by the partner on the barest minimum of high cards.

❋

THE original bid of three—major or minor—shows rather an offensive than a defensive hand. It should be limited to very long suits, two-and-a-half quick tricks in hand and broken honours at the head of the trump suit. It prohibits an improvement or a denial by the partner as, unless he holds the missing honours, one is apt to drop a couple of tricks in the trump suit; on the other hand, it should be advanced on side cards if these in any way justify the raise. Such a hand as ace-queen to seven and an ace and a king is a typical bid of three.

❋

TO bid four of a major or five of a minor shows a hand of overwhelming strength—nine tricks in the case of a major; ten in the case of a minor. The quick trick requirement of a game bid is *nil*, providing the offensive strength is there. To take an extreme example: queen-jack-ten to eight Spades; queen-jack-ten to five of another suit is a four Spade bid. In nine cases out of ten, of course, the bid will inevitably have top-card strength.

❋

TO call more than game originally would involve bidding a Slam: this can be done, of course, only on a hand recognisable as to its capacity by a tyro. Five of a major is never bid: it is needless: the four bid will get you to game, and it is the partner's duty, if envisaging slam possibilities, to announce them in due course.

❋

IN No Trumps, the original call of two involves the possession of four guarded suits and considerable top-card strength. As the call will be "jumped" to a game Contract on a mere "Courtesy raise"—one quick trick—it is essential that the bid of two should be pretty solid. The call of three No Trumps originally shows a game hand, with a king in partner's hand.

❋

IT is well to remember that the original bid does not necessarily secure the contract, and, therefore, there is no need to open one's mouth too wide at the start. Every bid short of game will be, if at all possible, advanced by the partner, or denied from strength. Having bid, say, a No Trump on Spades: ace-king-x; Hearts: queen-jack-ten; Diamonds: king-queen-jack-x; Clubs: king-jack-x, the partner goes two Clubs on ace-queen to six and the Heart king. Banking on the Club suit, which, with your holding, must inevitably be solid, you jump to three No Trumps.

❋

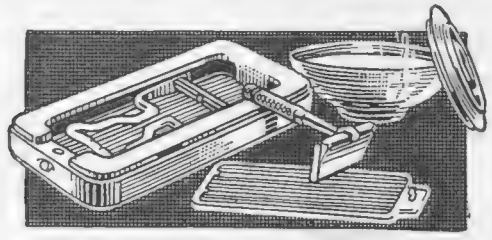
SIMILARLY, if you, on the above hand, went two No Trumps originally and your partner held ace of Clubs and a Yarborough, he would be in duty bound to give the "Courtesy raise" to a game contract. With Hearts led, your contract probably goes on the rocks, and it is entirely the fault of the optimistic two No Trumps call.

❋

THE strange device on the banner of a Contract player should be "Excelsior"—but only *after* the greatest conservatism in the original bid: otherwise comes the avalanche!

NEXT WEEK: THE RAISE

THE HOLLOW-GROUND SAFETY



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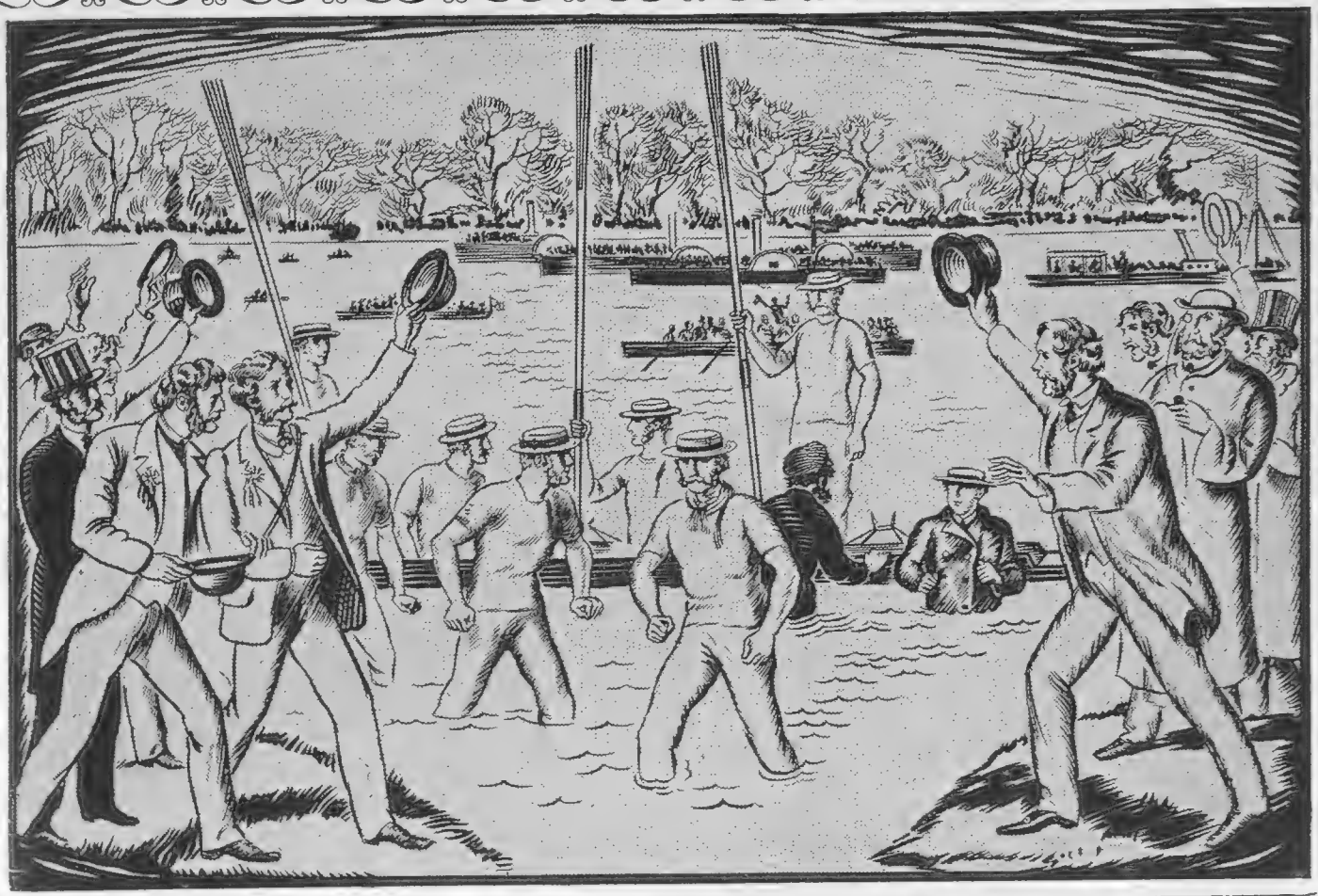

"THE OXFORD BOAT SINKS AT THE MOMENT OF VICTORY IN 1863." *By permission of "The Illustrated London News."*

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G.E. 13.

FLYING NOTES

'PLANES AND DEFERRED PAYMENTS

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Mr. Campbell Black (left) and his mechanic, Mr. J. A. Watkins, beside his aeroplane, in which they flew from Nairobi to Croydon in record time. The entire journey took but eight days

First Stop South Africa

THE greatest distance flown to date in a straight line is 4,500 miles, from Rome to Brazil, which was accomplished last year by two Italians. Sq.-Ldr. Jones-Williams and Flt.-Lt. Major are using for their attempt to break the long-distance record a Fairey monoplane with a Napier "Lion" engine. No attempt will be made to refuel in the air, as the object of the flight is to demonstrate the load-carrying capacity of the machine combined with the fuel economy of the engine. The distance from England to Cape Town is approximately the estimated range of the machine, and the route has the added advantage of being mainly overland.

Fly While You Pay

FOR a year or more it has been possible to buy an aeroplane on the hire system at a well-known London store, but very little business has been done in this line, probably because the said store forgot to advertise. A new scheme on similar lines has been started by Capt. Warren Merriam, A.F.C., and Capt. Talbot Lehmann, which should be more successful, as both of them have had considerable experience in aviation, and understand particularly the practical side of the business. Capt. Merriam was an instructor before the War, and his partner in the venture returned recently from China, where he was aeronautical advisor to Marshal Chang Tso Lin, the Northern War Lord. The bachelor, either male or female, with £400 to £600 a year, who has to book a week in advance for half an hour's solo at the local club, can now look forward to becoming an owner after payments spread over any period up to two years.

The Centre of the World

LONDON has been the starting point or the winning post for a great number of notable flights than any other capital, even taking into account the positive epidemic of trans-Atlantic hops from New York or thereabouts. Only the other day Mr. Campbell Black flew from Nairobi to Croydon in eight days, spending nearly three days in sight-seeing *en route*. Two Australian airmen are just off home on a Vickers "Vellore," one of the most interesting machines flown at the R.A.F. Display last year. It was built as a freight-carrier with a single compartment like a covered railway truck, and is now fitted with one of the new geared "Jaguars."

On Setting a Good Example

THE Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale has bought a new "Gipsy" Moth, and Mr. Jackaman is also up to date with a similar mount for this year's racing. Prospective owners who cannot afford the price of a brand new model should note that there are quite a number of good second-hand machines available, and inquiries should be placed through the manufacturers or the clubs. Mr. and Mrs. Naylor have the distinction of being the first private owners of the Liverpool Club. They bought a Moth in London between them, and put up a very good show on their first cross-country by flying it back to Hooton Park.

"Aerobatics"

FROM the safety of a cinema seat I took part in one of the most thrilling flights that have ever been filmed. The scene was set over Paris, with glimpses of the Seine and the Eiffel Tower appearing occasionally at incredible angles, whilst Marcel Doret, a famous French airman, put the audience through an endurance test. This film is not intended to be a sample of air travel, being purely stunt flying as practised by Service pilots for war purposes or by the "very young" after getting their "B" licence.

ANOTHER AIR RECRUIT

Miss Biddy Lawrence photographed at Stag Lane, where she is taking lessons in piloting. Flying is daily becoming more and more popular among women

AFTER THE FROST WAS OVER

News Illustrations

Followers of a famous meet in a distinctly aquatic setting. The hunting man cheerfully puts up with the rain if it means the end of frost and the resumption of hunting

THE RED SOLDIER (continued from page 477)

The Count went white and gripped the Captain's arm fiercely. "Is anything wrong?" he exclaimed hoarsely.

"Nothing at all. She is quite well, and so is your son. And now if we could adjourn so that I can report?"

The Commandant was at a loss for an answer at what he considered his junior's impertinence, so, fuming, he led the way to his headquarters.

* * * *

IV

Spring came suddenly to the twin towns of Budapest. On every tree and shrub was the evidence of reawakening life, and perhaps omens of impending deliverance from the Terror. But to Marie-Therese this season, which formerly meant a fresh consignment of dainty Parisian apparel, came no joy. True, she had sufficient for her needs now for some time. Comrade Laszlo had smuggled in supplies peculiar to her wants, and had brought a message from her husband which inspired hopes of speedy reunion. But she was troubled and lonely. Laszlo came but rarely. Could a woman love two men? Was it merely gratitude she felt for the Red Soldier?

He looked very forlorn and bedraggled when he did come. The red band on his cap was faded and dirty, and his clothing untidy. And so he looked when he came on this May evening at her request.

She seemed in brighter spirits than he had seen her for a long time. He knew the reason.

"Comrade Laszlo, I want to give you some news. You do not know the contents of the letter you brought back from the Count?" He shook his head. "Well, I will tell you, but promise not to say anything to your comrades." He nodded acquiescence. "The White Troops, as you call them, will take the city the day after to-morrow. I am giving you this chance to escape."

"I shall stay, Comrade Countess, until they come."

"But you may be shot!"

Laszlo shook his head. "When they actually enter the town, and I know you are safe, I will go. Not before."

"But it will be madness!"

"It would be madness to leave you whilst certain of my comrades are here."

She said no more, and for a while there was silence.

"I shall not be taking your tea much longer, Countess," he said presently.

"I shall be sorry," she said simply.

The next day he came to her room early in the afternoon.

"There may be danger," he explained. "The White Army is a day early, according to your information. Did you hear firing? No? Well, the Reds are evacuating the place already. It is the only thing to do."

All afternoon he stayed. Down below there was bustle and confusion, comings and goings, mostly goings. Rifle fire could now be distinctly heard, grew louder, drew nearer, ceased. Desultory firing broke out and died down again. Isolated shots and scurryings. And then dusk fell.

Marie-Therese, despite her inherent courage, began to be anxious. Now that fighting seemed to be drawing near, she was apprehensive as to the safety of her son and of the Red Soldier.

The street below was in darkness and silence. The quietude was eerie when they both knew that the fate of the city was in the balance.

There was a sudden tumult outside, and, without warning, a trio of desperadoes pounded up the stairs, the door flew open, and the ex-concierge and two of the "Proletariat" hurled into the room.

"Traitor!" yelled Kroft, and sprang at the Red Soldier. His inevitable knife flashed, once.

Events were moving too rapidly for Marie ever to recollect clearly their proper sequence. She knew that Kroft attempted to seize her after that, saying, "I arrest you in the name of the Republic!" The three were evidently in terrible haste, one even then tearing off his scarlet hatband.

The Red Soldier had been standing in front of her, and although he staggered she did not realise that he was wounded. The last thing she remembered before swooning was the crack of Laszlo's revolver. It is doubtful if the dying Kroft ever heard Laszlo's remark: "I always knew, Comrade, that one day I should kill you!"

And then came the relieving army.

"'I always knew, Comrade, that one day I should kill you!'"

* * *

V

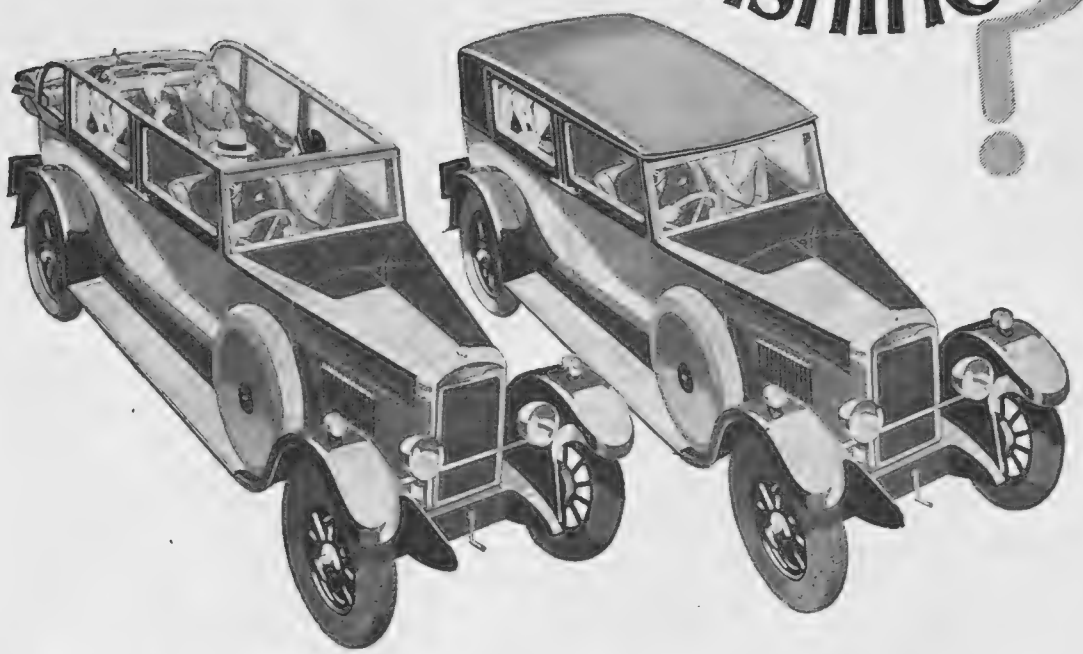
And so the five months' agony came to an end and faded like some ghastly nightmare.

Her family reunited, her house restored, her ordeal over, Marie-Therese once more became the dazzling centre of local society, and the bitter realities of Communist rule were thrust in the background. She shed a reverent tear at times when she thought of her Red Soldier. She realised that her love for him had never existed; it was merely the craving of a sentimental nature for human understanding when all around her was hate.

She had not known of Laszlo's death until her husband told her. "The finest Intelligence Officer the Army had, poor devil!"

E. D.

but why shut out the sunshine?



A saloon car is the best in the Winter, but an open car is nice in the Summer. There is no need to deny yourself the health and pleasure of sunshine when it is here to enjoy. This SINGER SUNSHINE SALOON is ideal *whatever the weather*—open or closed in a moment, merely by turning a handle. The collapsible roof winds up or down and locks itself in position. No need to stop or get out. Adjustable glass windows are identical in appearance to a saloon. As smart a car as you could ever see.

Order a SINGER SUNSHINE SALOON and enjoy motoring to the full. The JUNIOR Model costs £175 complete with four-wheel brakes and Newton hydro-pneumatic shock absorbers. The SENIOR Model costs £270 with Triplex glass windscreen, untarnishable chromium plating and Dewandre vacuum servo brakes. The SIX Model costs £350 with Triplex glass all round and one-shot central lubrication. Separate Booklets describing each Model, post free from: SINGER & CO., LTD., COVENTRY. London Showrooms: 202, Great Portland Street, W.1.

SUNSHINE SINGER SALOON

H.P.

MOTOR NOTES

WANTED—A MOTOR GRAVEYARD

By

E. M. WRIGHT

IN AN OLD-WORLD TOWN

An Austin 12 h.p. Fabric Saloon on the road. It is seen in front of the Old Wool Market in Chipping Camden

A NEW motoring problem has arisen in America, where the number of cars in commission is equivalent to one per family. Many American cars are fairly inexpensive—shall we say?—and not too long-lived, and there comes a time when they are of no more value to the owners, even as scrap. For the scrap merchant will only buy a car if it contains sufficient good materials and components to pay for the cost of extracting and marketing them and then show a profit. The fact is that few of the cheaper American cars do come within this category, so that the unfortunate owners are landed with a car which is of no use to them and cannot be sold, even for a shilling. In fact, the position has been reached where they would be glad to follow that proverbial advice and "pay someone to take it away," only that they cannot find anyone willing to do so, even for money! They own no ground themselves where they can bury the thing. What are they to do?

***

WHAT they have been doing is to drive it out in the country at the dead of night in company with the rest of the family in the new car, jettison it by the roadside, and make off as fast as the new 'bus will take them, having removed from the wreckage any signs of its identity. Fortunately, America is a country of sufficient size to allow of this and still leave some space over; but England is not. Of course, we have not reached the stage of car ownership where this problem has become serious, and such old cars as we have—at least, those of European origin—do usually incorporate some valuable components, such as magnetos, aluminium crank cases, leather upholstery, horsehair, etc., that are of some value to scrap merchants. But the time will come when we shall have the problem of the car that has no longer any useful life, and does not possess sufficient attractions to appeal to the professional scrapper.

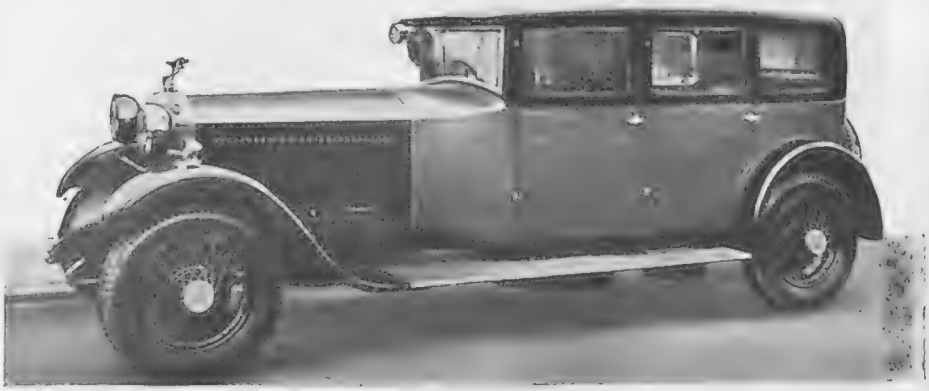
***

I DO not refer merely to cheap imported cars that have had their day. Some of our British light cars of immediate post-war vintage are perilously near this stage to-day, and they have very little about their bodywork that would be of value. I mind me of the seventy-three Metropolitan Police regulations which govern the design, construction, and even the materials of the London taxicab. In them is revealed the stuff that can be put into bodywork if the maker is not of the most upright. For instance, one of the regulations reads: The materials for the tyres "must be soft and elastic," and another that seat cushions "must not be stuffed with hay, straw, seaweed, or whalebone shavings"—a biting innuendo that will give some owners of cheap light cars furiously to think.

***

WHEN you come to think of it, a good deal of work with hammer and chisel and other implements would be necessary on a British car to remove all clues by which a zealous police force could trace the owner. And he could be summoned and heavily fined for "obstructing the King's highway by

(Continued on page iv)



BOUND FOR THE ANTIPODES

A 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce with a Weymann Saloon Body It is now on its way to Australia where it will be used as a demonstration car by Messrs. Dalzety & Co., of Sydney

THE FINEST SPORTS COUPÉ YET BUILT!

Was there ever a coupé so elegant—so truly the sportsman's and sportswoman's ideal—as this wonderful new Humber model? Here, at last, is beauty combined with comfort-de-luxe. Smartness with roominess and restfulness. With its sliding roof, the Humber Sports Coupé is ideal for every kind of weather. It is a car that is ultra modern; but is based on nearly 30 years experience in the building of fine cars. A car that will enhance still further Humber's great reputation. 16/50 *Six Sports Coupé* £515; 20/65 *Six from* £610; 16/50 *Six from* £440: 9/28 *4-cyl. from* £240. (*Triplex Glass is fitted.*)

16/50 H.P

Humber

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World Exporters: Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.

London Service Depot: Canterbury Rd., Kilburn, N.W.6.

HUMBER LIMITED COVENTRY

(Continued from page ii)

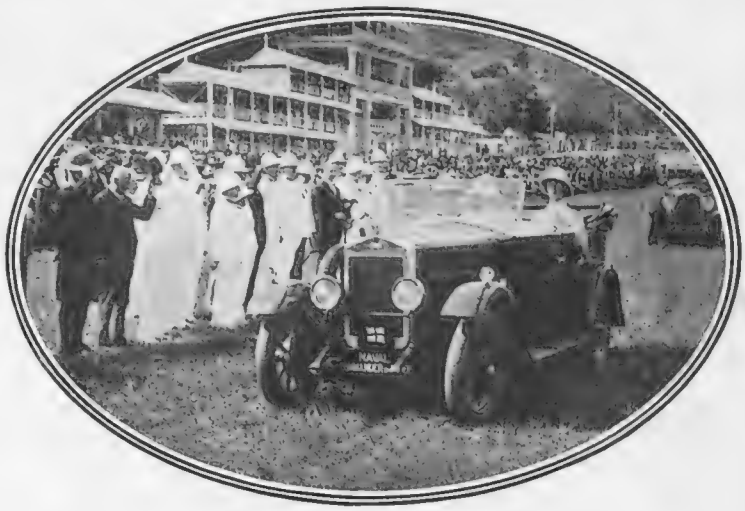
leaving thereon a car or carriage without visible means of support "—or however the obstruction clause runs (I was once mulcted in ten shillings for an offence of this nature near Exeter). Furthermore, we have very little country to spare in Great Britain. Our roadsides are not wide enough, and—speaking as one who once had to drive without lights and otherwise contravene the law in the country at night time—it is astonishingly difficult to find a stretch of road sufficiently deserted to carry out all the operations of abandoning one's motor car without leaving any trace.

***

This is certainly a problem that will have to be faced sooner or later, for, in spite of the manœuvres of Mr. Churchill, motor ownership is on the increase, and every year the number of cars that have to be scrapped grows even more rapidly. Already one sees many valuable farmyards and other roadside spaces clogged up with heroic old veterans of a quarter of a century ago—monuments to the pioneer work of the motor manufacturers of that day, but dashed nuisances at this stage of their existence above ground. The motor car is not like a faithful animal which can be done away with and no more seen for the payment of a small fee; nor can it be put into the furnace of some necropolis, nor blown to pieces by dynamite. The more one explores these methods (on paper, I hasten to add), the more serious proportions does the problem assume. I recommend it to our noble army of inventors as a really useful outlet for their powers of imagination.

***

The Hillman Straight Eight which was shown by Rootes at their exhibition



Vice-Admiral Bertram S. Thesiger, C.B., C.M.G., the Naval C.-in-C. of the East Indies Station, arriving at the race course in Mauritius. The car is a six-cylinder Wolseley touring model in which he is riding

of Major Segrave's car before he went to America, was appropriately enough the model known as the "Segrave coupé." When the history of this type of body—which is all the rage this year—comes to be written, it will have to be recorded that this particular model was the first of the type to be standardised. The car shown by Rootes, which was one of the two Segrave has taken to America for the use of himself and his assistants, was one of the first Straight Eights to be delivered, so that there were one or two modifications to the body as compared with the same type on the well-known Hillman 14 h.p. four-cylinder chassis. Chief among them is the seating in the rear compartment, which is very much more comfortable than that usually provided in this type of body.

***

Although both the seat and the squabs are fully padded and there is a padded central arm-rest, the whole of the compartment can be cleared for luggage in a couple of seconds, owing to the clever way in which the seat and arm-rest fold back into the rear panel. This seating, I understand, is the personal design of Captain J. P. Black, joint managing director of the Hillman concern. The fitting of this car with left-hand steering and brake, and gear modifications to suit, was a remarkably enterprising step, in view of the influential people who will see it and possibly try it at Daytona, including motor trade magnates from Canada, where we have an important potential market. But I should emphasise that in other respects Segrave's car is an absolutely standard model, such as will be supplied to the public; deliveries are now commencing, production having been planned at the rate of sixty per week to begin with. E. M. W.

Sir Herbert Austin K.B.E

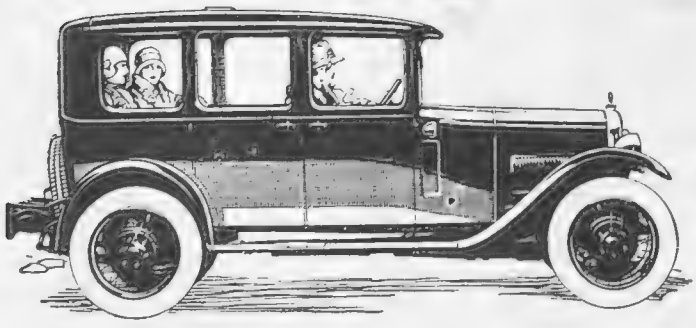
and the 16 h.p. BURNHAM SALOON

"In 1926 I realised that between those Austin enthusiasts who ran a 'Twelve' and those who could afford a 'Twenty' lay an increasingly unsatisfactory gap. I therefore designed the 16 h.p. Burnham Saloon. This car combines the appearance, on a slightly modified scale, of the 'Twenty' together with greater power yet little higher upkeep costs than the 'Twelve.' It is a car that will satisfy the most critical owner and I strongly recommend it to the man who is considering the purchase of a 6-cylinder model."

PRICES:

Austin	"Seven" from	£130
Austin	"Twelve" from	£250
Austin	"Sixteen" "*Light Six*" from	£305
Austin	"Twenty" from	£395

All front screens of Triplex Glass.



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A.J.W.

WARNING to MOTORISTS

SOME motorists may not be aware that there are several firms marketing motor oils under the grade letters which have by reason of our long use become associated solely with Wakefield CASTROL.

We must warn all motorists to make certain that they obtain Wakefield CASTROL by asking definitely for *Wakefield CASTROL "CW," "AA," "XL"* or whatever is the CASTROL grade required, and not just for "CW," "AA," "XL," etc. A valuable protection is to buy either from Wakefield Branded Cabinets, in sealed tins, or otherwise to see the package from which the CASTROL is drawn.

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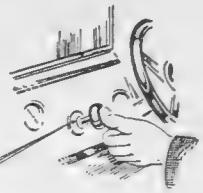
Remember that while CASTROL Grade letters may sometimes be copied,

WAKEFIELD
CASTROL
MOTOR OIL
itself is inimitable!

ASK FOR WAKEFIELD CASTROL—nothing else will do!

RESPONDING TO YOUR COMMAND



Operate the starter or the lights, and you can always depend upon an immediate response from a C.A.V. Battery. Like a willing and capable servant, it is always anxious to carry out your commands—ever alert, full of energy, and with an extraordinary capacity for real hard work. The unfailing performance of every C.A.V. Battery is a sound recommendation,—it is the battery you will eventually choose for long and loyal service.

When ordering a C.A.V., specify the T.R. model fitted with the world famous C.A.V Patent Threaded Rubber Plate Insulators.

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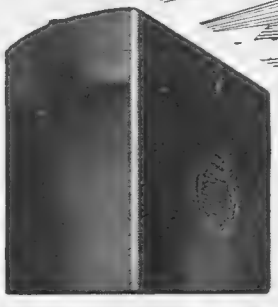

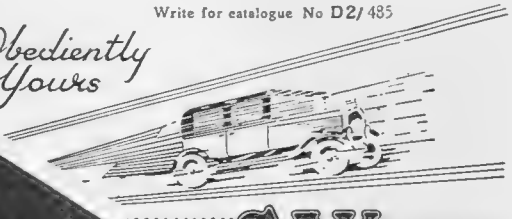

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DOGS

CHASERS and RACERS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

BUSY days, these, for exhibitors and visitors to Dog Shows, who, be it noted, are always more numerous wherever special competitions, to demonstrate obedience, results of training, and the like, are arranged. Show Secretaries will note, if they are wise, that such competitions are needed, alike in the interests of the "gate," of the general public, and of the interests of dogdom.

BRIGHTON has a Show to-day, Wednesday, and Spillers are benching and feeding the big City and Suburban Show at the Alexandra Palace to-morrow. On Saturday, the Northern Alsatian Club stages an open Show at Manchester, in aid of the Miners' Distress Fund, with many special competitions, obedience tests, etc. There will be a Fox Terrier Show on Friday of next week at Bristol, and the Irish Kennel Club's Show at Dublin is fixed for March 18. In this latter connection, by the way, all lovers of that game and loyal little sportsman, the Irish Terrier, should note that the Irish Terrier Club is to celebrate its fiftieth year with a very special Show in the Rotunda, Dublin, on July 31 next. Their handy size and extreme agility are helping to bring the "Dare-Devils" into renewed favour for training as guards and for watch and patrol work, in which it is claimed no Alsatian or Airedale can beat them, either for gameness or intelligence. That there is truth in the contention that Airedales and Irish Terriers can beat any breed of foreign origin for actual work is suggested by the fact that they are being chosen for

Photo Illus.

Little Diana Moseley with her Fox Terriers Margaret of Highwood and Lass of Highwood at the Guildford and District Canine Society's Show. It was held at the Drill Hall, Guildford

training by various Continental police authorities.

TURNING then from chasers to racers, a correspondent writes:—"Now that we have our own place in the country again with rabbits about, and hedges and gates to be jumped, we are all keen on a Dog with a real turn for speed; but we're not keen on Greyhounds, or their present-day associations, apart from the fancy prices asked for them. The lurcher doesn't appeal, clever though he can be, because we like pure breeding. What do you recommend? To us the Greyhound seems a bit lacking in spirit and dignity, for all his gracefulness."

THESE enquiries, involving personal taste and preference, are generally hard to answer, but the above is an easy one. The Scottish Deerhound has all the fleetness and grace of the Greyhound, with plenty of spirit; and the Irish Wolfhound scores over both in strength and dignity; as noble a Hound as any ever bred, with a thousand years of gallant tradition behind him, and never a fault that The Kennelman has ever been able to discover.

APART from limitations of space, this is not quite the place for the tabulated lists of Dog foods asked for by some readers; but such enquiries may properly be addressed to the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe. Registration and pedigree enquiries to the Kennel Club, please; 84, Piccadilly.

THERE ARE ACTIVE VITAMINS IN SPILLERS SHAPES

(Assorted Sippets)

THE purity and excellence of these delightfully crisp and appetising little biscuits are assured by the scrupulously hygienic conditions under which they are made.

Furthermore, the flour used is milled by Spillers in their own Mills, adjacent to the Biscuit Factory. All risk, therefore, of impurities entering into any Spillers Product is eliminated.

Spillers "Shapes" are a practical and dependable ration, rich in active vitamins. The Assortment comprises four different shapes and distinctive flavours: Ginger, Fruit, Wheatmeal, and a specially toothsome delicacy called "Super"—"Each Shape a flavour—each flavour a Shape."

"Shapes" constitute the "welcome variety" that means so much to dogs of every age and breed. They ALL love "Shapes," and each tail tells the same tale—The "Shape's" the thing!

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"8"

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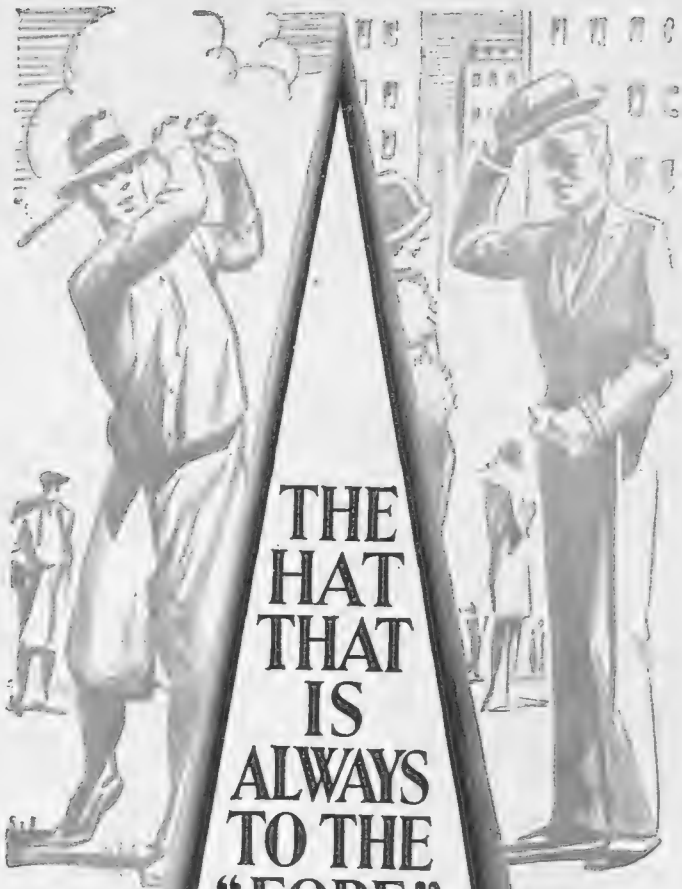
CHANDLER

29 H.P. STRAIGHT "EIGHT" SALOON



THE HAT THAT IS ALWAYS TO THE "FORE"

The Hadley is not only correct on the links, but is to the "fore" as a remarkably smart and attractive hat for everyday use.

It embodies those distinctive lines that complete a well-groomed appearance, and also possesses an easy grace and fitting comfort that is ideal for sports wear. Its quality and faultless finish recommend it to well-dressed men everywhere, and the name "Battersby" on the leather is your assurance of perfect wear and lasting satisfaction.

The Standard range of Battersby Hats is sold by the best hatters everywhere

20/- 25/- and 30/-

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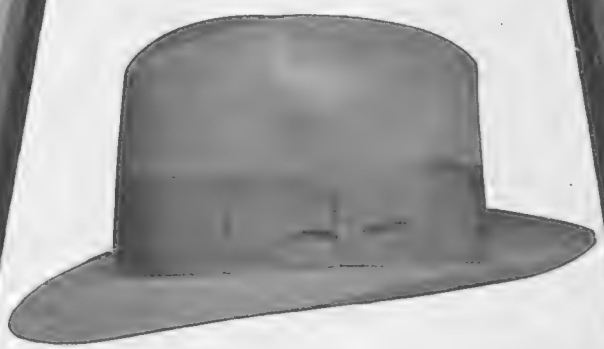

The distinction you can afford.

M. B.

FASHION'S FANCIES

SHADY HATS FOR SUNNY DAYS

Specially Sketched by HELEN McKIE

THE most important aspect of the hats we shall wear in the Spring is that they have all been designed to form a becoming frame for the face. Gone are the hard lines which proved so trying during the winter. Brims are softly curved, or they may be rolled back from the face, dipping sharply at one side. Turbans have cleverly manipulated folds of straw or lamé. The essential thing in every case is that the crown must fit the head as though it were moulded to it, not even the tiniest wrinkle being allowed to mar its surface. Only then can the hat "sit" correctly, and the one perfect angle be achieved.

SUPPLE felt, or felt allied with such straws as baku, bangkok, or ballibuntal are successful aspirants for the highest millinery honours, while velvet also provides a favoured mode of decoration. A delightful model of this persuasion is sketched at the head of this page. It is carried out in brown bangkok, on which is imposed a deeper shade of velvet. The brim is edged with taffetta, and a rouleaux of this encircles the crown. It is an excellent example of the bonnet-like shapes which are enjoying a vogue. The second hat is destined for formal occasions. Made of black baku, the brim rolls back to reveal a natural-coloured underbrim. A satin knot at the side holds the tuft of delicate feathers. Both come from Peter Robinson, Oxford Street and Regent Street. For country wear there are satin felts, pull-ons of soft homespun, wool-straws made of braid, and stitched velvet hats which are the acme of smartness, for they are made in subtle colours that match exactly the tweed suits they accompany

There is no more agreeable, amusing or diversified holiday than a P. & O. Cruise. Games, music, dancing, beneath starry skies or sunny; visits ashore; rest for those who want it;

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May 2. Palestine, Cyprus, Athens &c. 22 days; from 40 gns.‡
May 25. Morocco, Madeira, Spain &c. 13 days; from 22 gns.‡
May 31. Spain, Majorca, Algeria &c. 14 days; from 25 gns.†
June 15. Cadiz, Barcelona, Algiers &c. 13 days; from 24 gns.†
June 22. Morocco, Malaga, Majorca &c. 13 days; from 22 gns.‡

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HARMONY IS THE KEYNOTE OF THE SPRING FASHIONS

A neat crêpe de Chine *shirt and a charming suit in teal-coloured Mediana, with stitched grey borders. (From Walpole)*

The Modern Jeweller's Art

WHENEVER new dresses are shown the latest examples of the art of the modern jeweller also make their appearance, for in these days no woman would dream of donning an indiscriminate selection of gems having no relation to her gown, or to each other. Various shades of browns and yellows are to be worn during the spring, and so the charm of cornelians —one of the loveliest of semi-precious stones—is being exploited. They look particularly attractive in the form of hat brooches and set into the buckles of belts. A necklace of cornelians sets off to perfection the warm colouring of auburn-haired women. Clouded crystal is used for shoulder brooches, some of which are almost as large as a coffee saucer Allied with diamonds and black enamel they are extremely decorative. Carved emeralds are regarded as the most enviable of possessions, and such a stone of any considerable size is worth a king's ransom. Fringes are a feature of the newest settings, and strands of glittering stones hang from brooches, pendants, bracelets, and earrings.

An Original Three-piece Suit

THERE is always a keen pleasure in planning what one will buy, and in searching for one's ideal hat or dress, for one experiences such a thrill of gratification when one is successful. But perhaps the nicest day of the whole year is that on which it is first warm enough for one to discard one's winter wrap and to sally forth in a suit of spring-like freshness. The three-piece *ensemble* has not lost one iota of its popularity, for it will be seen as frequently as ever, though in sundry new guises. Illustrated at the head of this page is a suit of teal-coloured Mediana. The stitched borders are of grey, and an embroidered monogram in silk of this shade adorns the jumper. A novel feature of the belt is that it forms a pocket on the right side of the sleeveless cardigan. It comes from Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, 108, Kensington High Street, and 175, Sloane Street. The neat *crêpe de Chine* shirt also comes from them. Its cross-over lines would be particularly flattering to full figures.

Gracious Lines for Evening Gowns

THE charm of evening dresses lies to a great extent in their versatility, and in the flowing draperies which characterise the majority of them. The frock at the foot of this page is an example of the way in which grace and graciousness are allied. Made of black georgette, it is embroidered in very small *diamanté* in a delicate fern design. The folds are skilfully arranged at the back, where they create the fashionable dipping hemline, and the left shoulder strap terminates in a scarf which gradually widens, and is finished with a fringe. This is but one of the many delightful dance dresses which may be found at Jean-Philippe's, 39, Conduit Street. Here they specialise in gowns for women who are not very slim, and so carefully have they studied the effect of "line" that they are able to create amazing illusions of slenderness. Their day dresses are very interesting, and Jean-Philippe herself fashions original and infinitely becoming hats, which she moulds on the head.

The indefinable cachet of this dress is accounted for by the grace of its lines. It is of black georgette, delicately embroidered in diamanté, and it comes from Jean-Philippe

Sketches by Beta

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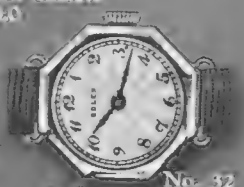

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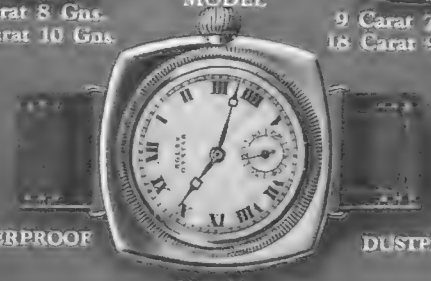
9 Carat 7 Gns.
18 Carat 9 Gns.



WATERPROOF DUSTPROOF

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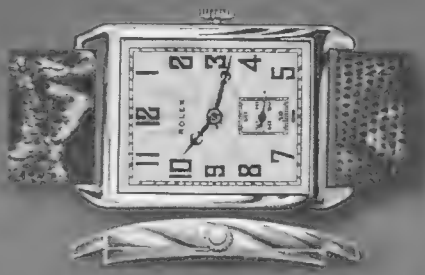
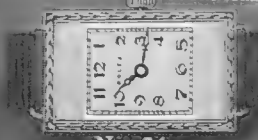
Silver £5.15.0 9 Carat 10 Gns.
18 Carat 15 Gns.



No. 3
Silver £4.10.0 9 Carat £8.10.0
18 Carat £12.10.0 Curved to wrist



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The following list is compiled from authentic information, and will be found useful to "Bystanders" at home and abroad.

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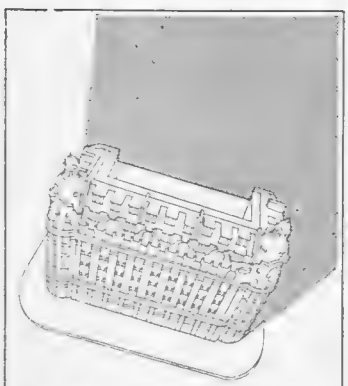
BERKELEY (HOTEL) Gerrard 4321.	F. Ferraro W. Luder (Grill Room)	Wednesday	Dancing. Jacobson and New England Band
CECIL (HOTEL) Gerrard 0060.	Emil Biry	On Special Occasions Only	Dancing Every Evening 9—1. Sats. and Sundays 9—12
CAFÉ ANGLAIS Regent 7941.	Conti and Borgo	Friday	Entertainment at Midnight
CIRO'S CLUB Regent 0667.	L. Muller and G. Ferraro	Wednesday	Dancing
KETTNER'S Regent 4548.	B. Vivari (Manager)	Wednesday	Varied
KIT-CAT Regent 4263.	Stocco	Thursday	Entertainment After Dinner, and at Midnight
NEW PRINCES' Regent 0120.		Thursday	Cabaret Nightly at 10 p.m. and Midnight. Two Bands
NUNKY'S CLUB	E. Gross-Bart	Every Night Till 2 a.m. Sundays Till 12	Cabaret
PICCADILLY HOTEL Louis XIV Restaurant	Giolito		Cabaret 10 p.m. and Midnight Dancing
Grill Room Regent 0160.	Zappoloni		Cabaret 11.30 p.m. Dancing, Evening Dress not Essential
TRICITY Temple Bar 8793.	George Stone (Manager)	Each Night Till 1.30 a.m. Gala Night Thurs.	Dancing 4—6 p.m. and 9—1.30 a.m., 1 a.m. Entertainment 11.30 p.m.
VERREY'S Mayfair 6032.	"Sunny Jim"	Wednesday	Dancing 9—2 Ambrose (Verrey's) Band

A SEASONABLE DINNER

The above is a dinner menu which was served recently at the Hyde Park Hotel. It was prepared by M. Servais



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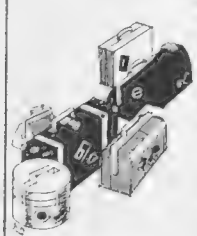

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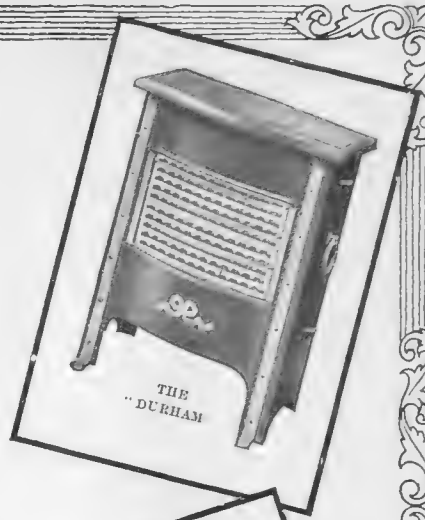

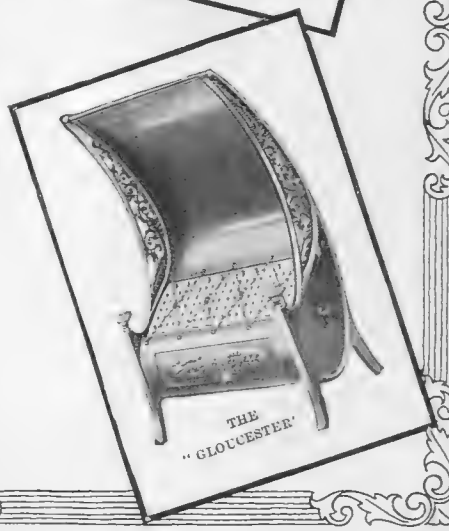

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A Court and Parliamentary Guide

"Kelly's Royal Blue Book," having been issued for over 100 years, doubtless needs no introduction, but it is interesting to note the amount of information given in the edition which has just been published, price 7*s.* 6*d.*, by Kelly's Directories, Ltd. The names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in the western districts of London are given; the Royal households, the Ministry, and the House of Lords; Members of the House of Commons and their constituencies, Government offices, with the names of the principal officials; principal clubs, and a selected list of golf clubs, with a great deal of practical information about them; a theatre supplement, showing seating plans; and a classified trades section. There is also a specially drawn street plan, and part of the advertising section is devoted to British and Continental hotels.

A General Directory of the British Isles

"Sell's Registered Telegraphic Addresses for 1929" is a monument of painstaking compilation neatly adjusted to every business requirement. In addition to 100,000 telegraphic addresses, the latest edition contains valuable lists of firms grouped under trades, a complete list of members of the Stock Exchange in Great Britain and Ireland, and a newspaper Press Guide showing papers published in every county. Special features worthy of notice are the American section for those interested in trade between the two countries, and the "Too Late" list and supplementary edition. It is published by Business Dictionaries, Ltd., and, complete with the midsummer supplementary edition, costs 45*s.*

The Strand Palace Hotel

One hundred more bedrooms will be open to the public at the Strand Palace Hotel within a month. When the transformation is complete there will be nearly 1,000 bedrooms, which is about twice as many as before. The hotel is now entirely lighted by electricity made on the premises, with emergency oil engines as a stand-by. There is no vibration of any kind in the hotel, the working of the dynamos being entirely steady. One of the novelties introduced in the service is what is called "The Maid Finder." If one of the maids on any floor is engaged in a bedroom and is wanted by a guest in another bedroom, her exact location can be ascertained. The guest presses a button in his room; this flashes a light signal outside his room and also in the service quarters. The attendant in the "service" then presses a button, and a message is flashed to whatever room the wanted chambermaid may be in. No bells whatever are used in the bedroom or corridor service, and signals can be seen from all parts. The Strand Palace Hotel is the only hotel in the world fitted with this "Maid Finder." All the bedrooms have built-in wardrobes fitted with sections, hangers, shelves, and drawers. All the beds have the latest type of box mattresses, highly sprung. Towards the end of the year the new main entrance will have been completed, with an arcade of shops. The new restaurant will be twice the size of the present one, and the grill-room will also be greatly enlarged. The latest type of ventilation plant is being installed, and it will be the finest of its kind in the world. All the bedrooms have "panel" heating, which can be adjusted by the guests. "Paging," one of the nuisances of hotel life in the past, will have been replaced by a system of signalling installed in every one of the public rooms. If a visitor enquires for any guest staying in the hotel the room number of that guest will be flashed on suspended signs in every part of the hotel.

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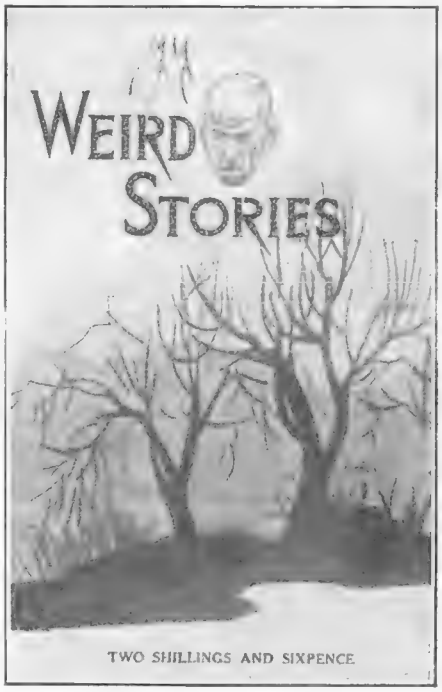

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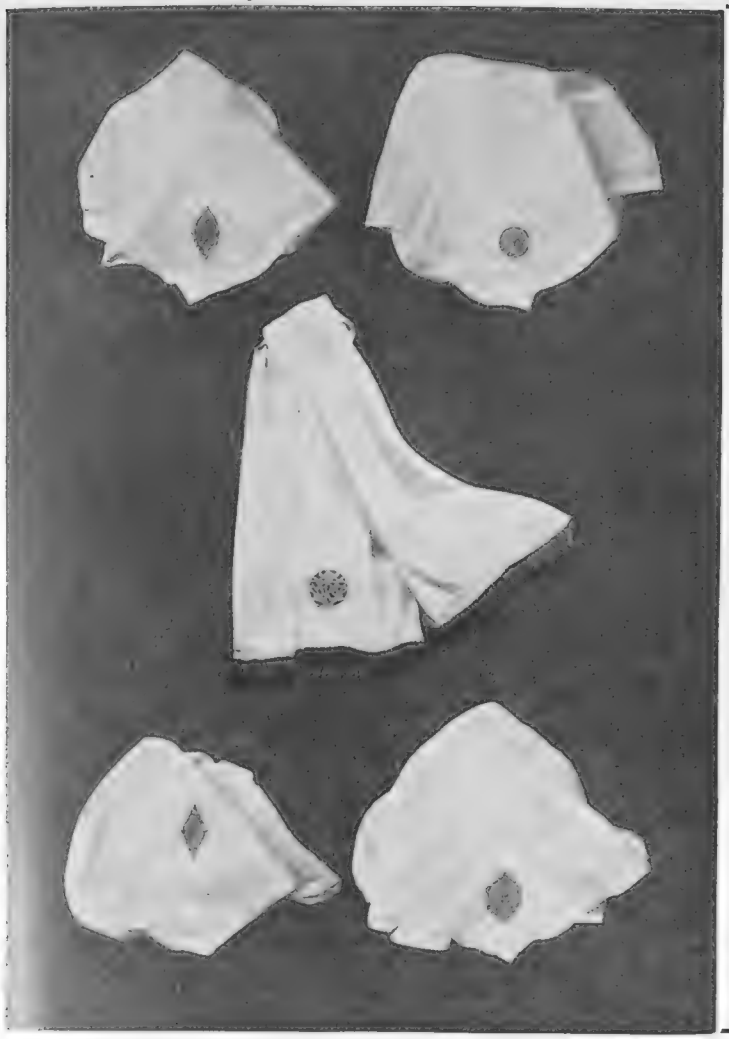

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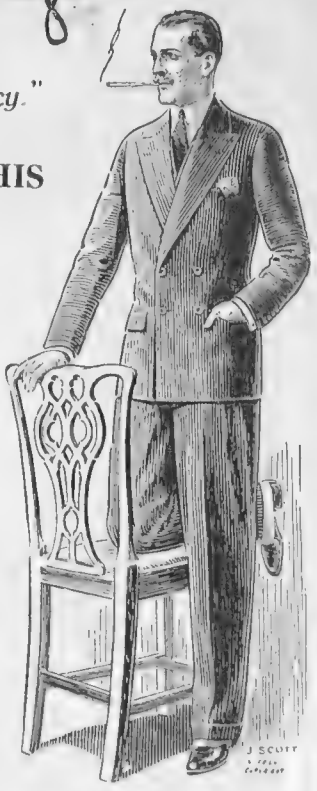

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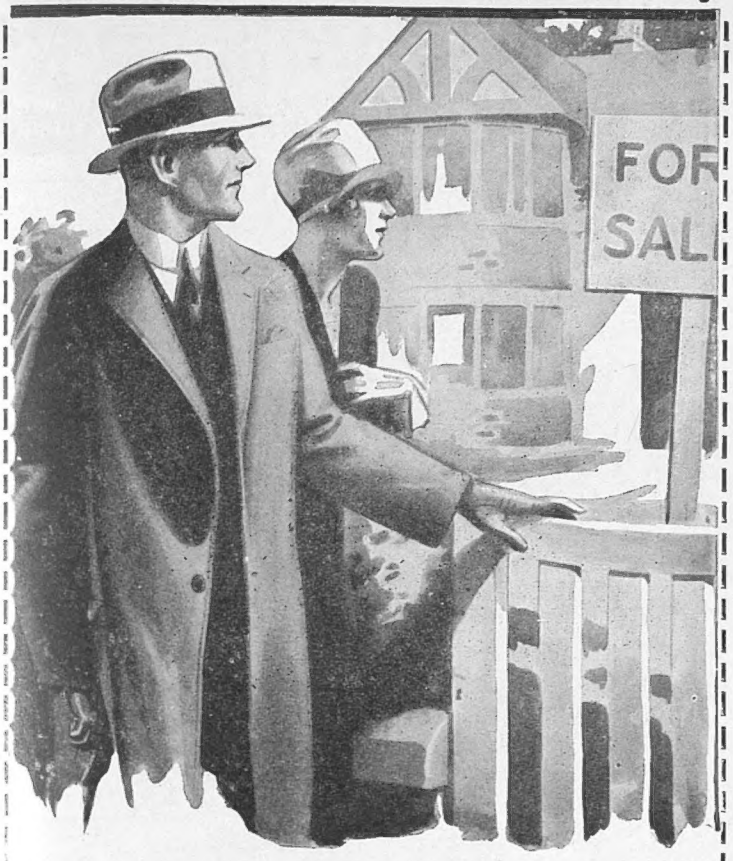

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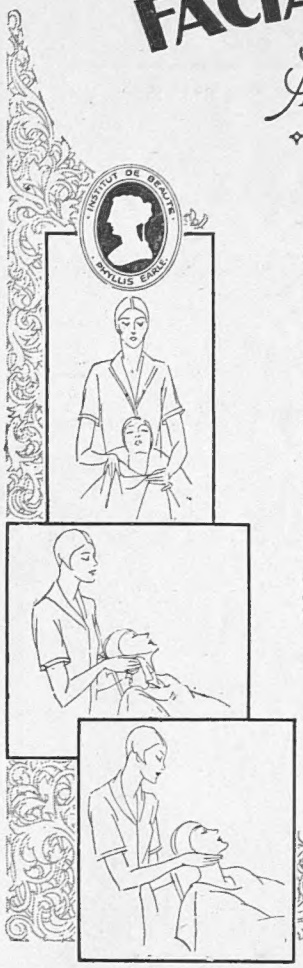

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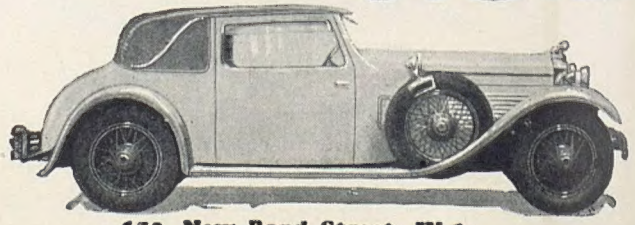

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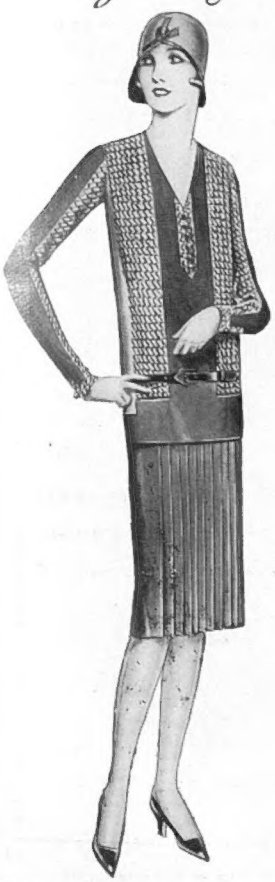

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